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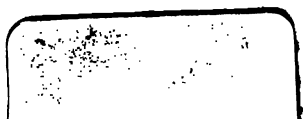
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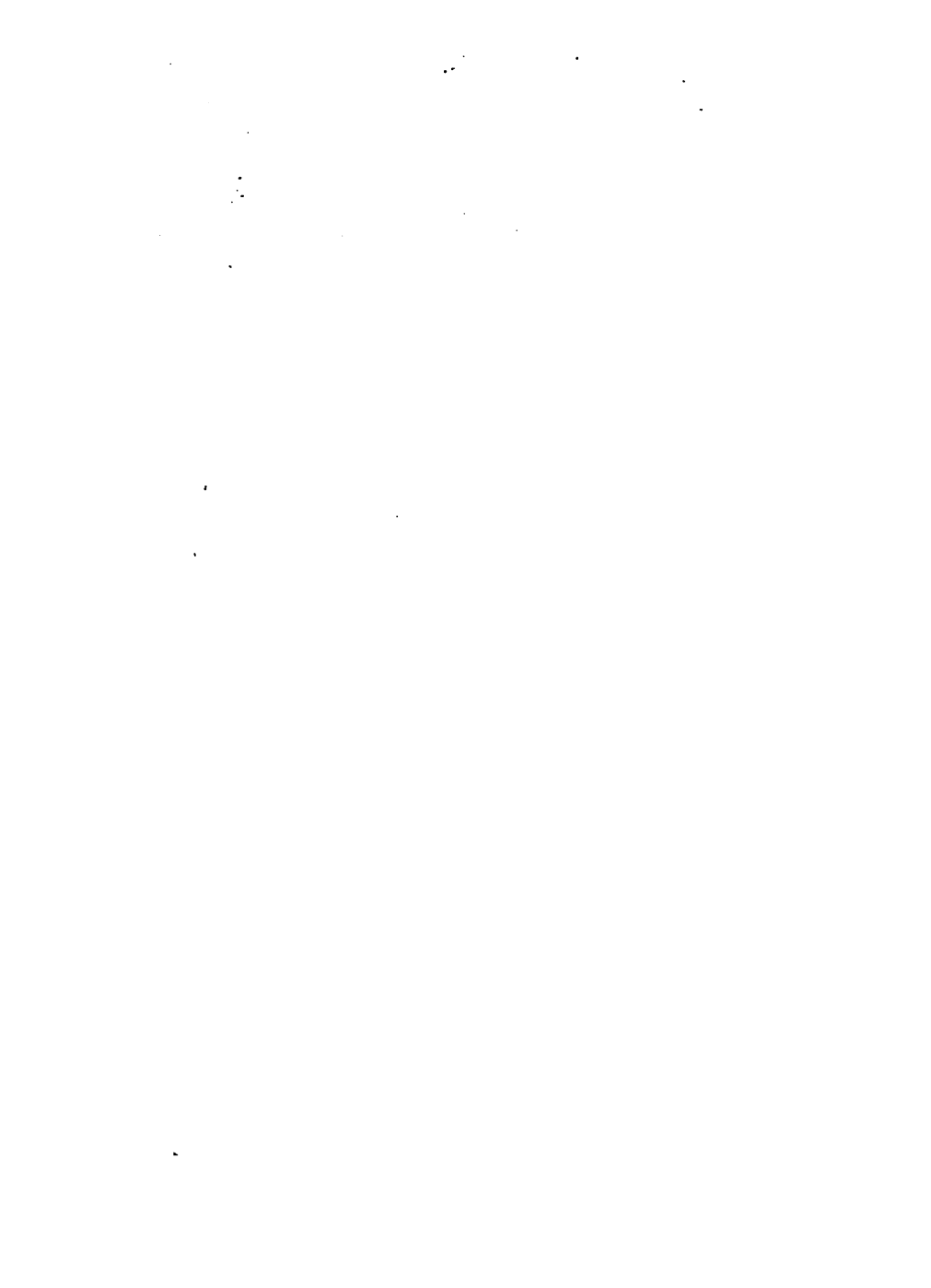
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HAPPY THOUGHTS









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Perious **T**ruths

or

Happy **T**houghts

FOR

Life's **J**ourney

Henry Jennings.

With recommendatory letters by
the Rev^s Octavius Winslow D.D. Thomas Adkins.
W. Morley Punshon M.A. G.J. Tubbs MA & others

Dedicated by special permission
to Sir Frank Crossley M.P.

Third Thousand

LONDON, HAMILTON & ADAMS
HENRY JENNINGS, TADLEY NEAR BASINGSTOKE

1863.

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THIS VOLUME IS,
BY SPECIAL PERMISSION, DEDICATED TO
SIR FRANK CROSSLEY, BART., M.P.,
BY HIS
HUMBLE AND DEVOTED SERVANT,
HENRY JENNINGS.

Recommendatory Remarks

BY

The Rev. OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D.D.

(Bath);

The Rev. THOMAS ADKINS

(Southampton);

The Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON

(London);

AND

The Rev. G. I. TUBBS, M.A.

(Reading).

PREFACE.

THE strongest motives which the heart of man obeys prompt me to send forth my few and scattered thoughts to the world, under the title of "Precious Truths; or, Happy Thoughts for Life's Journey." I am sensible of many defects, and as I lay no claim to literary reputation, I trust the literary world will throw the mantle of charity over all imperfections. This volume is designed for the young, chiefly, though not exclusively. A word in season I have endeavoured to speak to all. I have, throughout the work, striven to point out this fact, that happiness here and hereafter, depend on consecration to God's service, on self-renunciation and entire dedication of body, substance, soul, and all to the honour of him who has said, "Him that honoureth me I will honour, but he that despiseth me shall be lightly esteemed." By way of bringing home to the reader more impressively the truths I have

enunciated, I have thrown in sketches of useful lives and happy deaths; and I cannot but indulge the hope that the bright examples which are portrayed in these pages (by way of enforcing and illustrating great principles and all important truths), however they may have suffered from the feebleness of the hand which has furnished the sketches, are destined through the divine blessing, to effect, at least, some purposes of mercy, among those whose attention may be drawn to this volume. May he who has written and those who shall read this book, be privileged to meet in that land from which sin and sorrow, the fears of the disciple and the impieties of the wicked shall be alike excludcd—may we all meet in that world of light, of joy, and love, where the redeemed of every tribe, of every kindred and tongue, will be as one family, and join, without the least dissension, in honouring the Lamb that was slain, where there will be no sectarianism, but all will be of one mind, of one spirit, and all one in Christ, where all will sing without a single discordant note, “Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever.”

Accept this humble volume as a proof of my interest in the welfare of all my fellow-creatures,

especially the happiness of the young. The fact that so many of the flower of the country are cut down in the midst of usefulness, that lives of promise are cut short, has made me address myself more particularly and earnestly to the young. We have lost our noble, angelic-minded, SPENCERS, VAUGHANS, and EVERETTS. Still we fear not (though we mourn over the loss of such burning and shining lights). We know that the great head of the Church can, and will, raise up others to preach successfully the everlasting gospel; our land will yet become the garden of the Lord, where trees of his right-hand planting will be laden with choicest fruits, and flowers of the richest hue will perfume the whole with their sweetest fragrance. Those on whose conduct Britain's welfare depends, still live, and will continue to live, so long as the waves shall encircle her shores. Young men, suffer not the golden hours of morning to glide away unimproved! Maidens, let not the spring time of life pass away amid frivolity and sin! Your responsibility is great—for you have to train precious immortal souls by your example for glory everlasting, or for torments eternal. There is but little time for worldly amusements,—which often mistaken exercise and pleasure ends in the ruin of the most lovely of creation,—the spotless

and pure joy of the mother's heart. You cannot (if you consider your own happiness and welfare) be too rigid in your views of worldly amusements. If you wish to do good, you must avoid the appearance of evil, and not conform to the fashion of the world. Strive for a heavenly and pure mind, and read this volume with the impression that purity of thought and feeling, like the refreshing rose, sheds a fragrance, peculiarly its own, over our whole deportment and conversation, and, like that lovely flower, leaves its retiring scent when we are gone. Your spring time of joy and happiness is now; and therefore I beseech you to read "Happy Thoughts for Life's Journey," with this determination, that you will make life pleasant and joyous by serving the Lord with a perfect heart.

Spring an emblem is of youth,
Hasting on to with'ring age:
Oh, that this important truth
Might each youthful heart engage!
Every pulse, and every breath,
Nearer brings our winter—death.

You, I trust, delight to think
On the change which many dread;
Here you taste, but there shall drink,
Pleasures at the fountain head.
Has not Jesus, by his love,
Taught your heart to soar above?

Endless spring will there prevail,
There the flowers unfading grow;
Solid joys that never fail;
How unlike to all below!
Grief and sin will then be o'er,
And our sun go down no more.

My heart's desire is that all who read this book may be saved. Despise not the effort because no eloquence adorns these pages; lay not aside this volume because plain truths are spoken in a plain way. I have not indulged in airy speculations or marvellous flights of imagination. My object is not to amuse, not to please for a moment, but to convince and benefit lastingly; to save finally and for ever. I use no rhetoric, but a Saviour's cross. I have not written to please the whims and fancies of any, but to arouse and awaken all; to put some in remembrance, and to call to duty and to action others who are suffering the spring and summer time of life to pass by unimproved, and allowing the morn of winter to dawn upon them without securing the salvation of their immortal souls. May he whose love sent Christ to save, whose smile lights up the heaven of heavens, and sheds light and kindles unspeakable joy and gladness in the hearts of all his believing people, so that they tune their harps afresh and strive to outvie each other in praising Immanuel, smile graciously and lovingly on this attempt. May we all meet in that blissful region where the glories and perfections of Deity will shine forth with such transcendant radiance, that the pencil of inspiration, dipped in the colours of the rainbow, would inadequately describe the same; in that abode of

and pure joy of the mother's heart. You cannot (if you consider your own happiness and welfare) be too rigid in your views of worldly amusements. If you wish to do good, you must avoid the appearance of evil, and not conform to the fashion of the world. Strive for a heavenly and pure mind, and read this volume with the impression that purity of thought and feeling, like the refreshing rose, sheds a fragrance, peculiarly its own, over our whole deportment and conversation, and, like that lovely flower, leaves its retiring scent when we are gone. Your spring time of joy and happiness is now; and therefore I beseech you to read "Happy Thoughts for Life's Journey," with this determination, that you will make life pleasant and joyous by serving the Lord with a perfect heart.

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purity, in that state of perfection, where all jealousy and envy will be buried in the grave of oblivion and lost in the ocean of love. "Unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy," to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and for ever.—Amen.

In conclusion, I must say I am deeply conscious how very much I am indebted to Sir FRANK CROSSLEY, Bart., M.P., for granting me special permission to dedicate this volume to himself. For this favour I beg most respectfully to tender my cordial thanks, and also the same expression of gratitude to the following Ministers, for their very kind letters and remarks upon this humble production: the Revs. OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D.D., Bath; THOMAS ADKINS, Southampton; W. MORLEY PUNSHON, London; and G. I. TUBBS, M.A., Reading. I also sincerely thank other Christian friends who have read this work, and forwarded their kind letters of commendation to their unworthy, but

Faithful friend,

HENRY JENNINGS.

Tadley, near Basingstoke, September 2nd, 1863.

Recommendatory Remarks.

"HAPPY THOUGHTS FOR LIFE'S JOURNEY."

This is a most delightful volume, full of graphic picturing. The author clothes his thoughts with much force and beauty of language. Often there are flashes of eloquence and great sublimity. This is a remarkable book, of thrilling interest, by an affectionate, intelligent, and ardent mind. It ought to be placed in the hands of every young person.

JAMES STANLEY.

"HAPPY THOUGHTS FOR LIFE'S JOURNEY" is a very interesting and delightful book, and will form a particularly nice volume for presents to the young.

JOHN HALL.

BATH,

July 7th, 1863.

My dear Sir,

"I think your work displays considerable talent, and, with the divine blessing, will be useful."

Yours very truly,

OCTAVIUS WINSLOW.

"PRECIOUS TRUTHS ;

OR,

HAPPY THOUGHTS FOR LIFE'S JOURNEY."

THIS is a charming book ; it is as full of interest and goodness as the writer is full of light and benevolence. Every page is elegant, and every line rich with Gospel truths ; the author has displayed fineness and pungency of thought, and liveliness of imagination, in his graphic illustrations ; a deep tone of spirituality and earnestness runs throughout the whole work. His lines of poetry and music are very sweet and beautiful ; the volume, on the whole, is a gem, and as interesting, and as much adapted for a prize book, birthday, or a present for any occasion to the young, as any book I ever read.

THOMAS RIVERS.

"HOW TO BE HAPPY."

BY HENRY JENNINGS.

THE author of this little volume is the son of the Rev. GEORGE JENNINGS, for many years the laborious and much-respected Minister of the Gospel, at Tadley, Hants.

Without professing to have read every line in this book, I have made myself sufficiently acquainted with its contents to give my testimony to the soundness of the Gospel Truths contained in it, the profound interest which the facts recorded in it are adapted to awaken, and the tendency of the whole to promote the design which the title of the book indicates, especially amongst the young.

THOS. ADKINS,

*Southampton.**August 21st, 1863.*

8, ARUNDEL SQUARE, LONDON,

3rd September, 1863.

DEAR SIR,

The subject on which you write is most important, and seems handled in a style which will secure attention, and I trust, profit the reader.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

W. MORLEY PUNSHON.

PARK SIDE LODGE, READING,

October 1st, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR,

Your little volume exhibits gospel truths very clearly, and, as it contains very interesting facts, it appears to me adapted for usefulness, especially amongst the young.

I am, faithfully yours,

G. I. TUBBS, M.A.,

Incumbent of St. Mary's Episcopal Chapel,
Reading.



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How to be Happy.

“Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thy own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths. Fear the Lord, and depart from evil.”—Prov. iii., 5, 6, 7. Reader, are you happy? Do you wish to be happy? If so, listen to the wise man who spake these proverbs, which are clusters of precious fruit, sweet and refreshing to the taste; they are “apples of gold in pictures of silver.” Whether young or old, whether rich or poor, they are alike suitable to all. If you are young and just about to go forth and do battle with the world, or aged and careworn by reason of your numerous and severe conflicts, they are equally seasonable and not less true. Simple and sincere trust in God, and entire self-renunciation will ensure you happiness in life, victory in the hour of death, and a crown of eternal glory in the mansions above. “Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the Devil.”—Eph. vi., 11. Let not sin and Satan gain strong hold of you. Be firm—be resolute; and when tempted to do evil, flee as for your life from the snare, lest you be overcome, and at last, lost for ever and ever. If young, your foes are many—

If you are convinced of his love towards you, then consecrate yourself to him and to his service for ever. His language to you is "Son give me thine heart," and if you refuse you may perish eternally; but if you yield it to him he will cleanse you from all inward pollution—he will make you a temple of the Holy Ghost—adopt you into his family—justify you freely by his grace—sanctify you by his spirit and his word—and ultimately glorify you with all the redeemed "who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Happiness and true peace are to be found in and through Christ, and nowhere else. If you are commencing life, or declining in life, let Christ be the foundation of all your plans and the basis of all your hopes. Begin life with him here, and you will perpetuate it with him to all eternity.

Jesus, Saviour, teach me now,
At thy feet to humbly bow,
There to supplicate thy grace,
And behold thy blessed face.
Touch my heart with living fire,
And devotion's flame inspire;
That, while seeking, I may find,
Thee a God supremely kind.
Let thy spirit now descend;
Be my constant, loving friend;
Never from thee let me stray,
Till fruitions perfect day.

"All have sinned and come short of the glory of God; being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Jesus Christ; whom God hath sent to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time his righteousness;

that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus."—Rom. iii., 23, 24, 25, 26. There is no happiness without justification; the great happiness of those that are in Christ is, that their sins are forgiven, and they accounted just in the sight of the judge of all the world, through the redemption that is by the blood of Christ. The criminal fears when under condemnation; he rejoices when pardon is proclaimed, when surety is found, when another shares, and bears a portion of the punishment; likewise the sinner, who has broken the law of God, and is under condemnation, rejoices when he feels that his burden is removed; that atonement has been made for all his transgressions; when he hears some angelic voice whispering peace, and saying, "There is therefore, now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the spirit." The Eunuch "went on his way rejoicing" when all things had been made plain unto him; when the spirit had illumined his mind and revealed through Philip the deep things of God—the mysteries of the kingdom; and thus it will be with you if you are seeking happiness and anxiously enquiring "how can these things be?" You will be divinely assisted, you will be led into all truth, and at last delivered from the terrors of the law, from slavish fear, from the power of sin, and brought forth into "the glorious liberty of the children of God."

Blessed are the sons of God;
They are bought with Christ's own blood;
They are ransomed from the grave;
Life eternal they shall have.
With them numbered may we be,
Now and through eternity!

They are justified by grace;
 They enjoy a solid peace;
 All their sins are washed away;
 They shall stand in God's great day.
 With them numbered may we be,
 Now and through eternity!

They produce the fruits of grace,
 In the works of righteousness.
 Born of God, they hate all sin;
 God's pure word remains within.
 With them numbered may we be,
 Now and through eternity!

They have fellowship with God,
 Through the Mediator's blood;
 One with God, in Jesus one,
 Glory is in them begun.
 With them numbered may we be,
 Now and through eternity.

Reader, you become the subject of real happiness when you are justified before God and reconciled to him. This justification is by faith: you must rely on the merits of Christ's blood, without any works of your own, and without considering faith as a work to procure favour by the righteousness of the act, but only as a hand to receive the gift. This great doctrine of the Gospel many hate, as breaking the strongest bonds of holiness and opening a way to all licentiousness; for they reckon that the conditionality of works to attain God's favour and avoid his wrath, and the necessity of them to salvation, are the most necessary and effectual impulses to all holiness; and they account that the other doctrine opens the flood-gates to licentiousness. This consideration would be of some weight if people were to be brought to holiness by moral suasion, and their natural endeavours stirred up by the terms of law, and by slavish fears and mercenary hopes; for the force of these motives would be altogether enervated

by the doctrine of justification by free grace. Man, being a guilty, dead creature, cannot be brought to serve God by force out of any such motives; you are not sanctified by any of your own endeavours to work holiness in yourself; but rather by faith in Christ's death and resurrection, even the same whereby you are justified; the urging of the law stirs up sin, and freedom from it is necessary to all holiness. As the apostle teaches, this way of sanctification confirms the doctrine of justification by faith; as the apostle informs—Rom. viii, 1—if you are sanctified, and so restored to the image of God, and life, by the spirit through faith, it is evident that God has taken you into his favour, and pardoned your sins, by the same faith, without the law; or else you would not have the fruits and effects of his favour thereby to your eternal salvation; his justice would not admit his giving life without works if you were not made righteous in Christ by the same faith; and you cannot trust to have holiness freely given you by Christ upon any rational ground, except you can also trust on the same Christ for free reconciliation and forgiveness of sins for your justification. Neither can guilty, cursed creatures, that cannot work by reason of their deadness under the curse, be brought to a rational love of God, except they apprehend his loving them freely first without works. God originates the desire in man to be saved, and he enables man to approach the throne of grace so as to be accepted in and through the beloved, and when so received the soul is filled with joy unspeakable.

No claim had we who now enjoy
The smiles of our redeeming God;
He only knows, who chose us, why
Our hearts are his divine abode.

How free, how glorious is the grace,
How wonderful the sovereign love!
Which chose our souls, our time, our place,
And from that choice will ne'er remove.

Not unto us, but to thy grace,
Great father of eternal love,
Belongs the everlasting praise
That sinners hope to dwell above.

Sanctification is an effect of justification, and flows from the same grace; and you must trust for them both by the same faith, and for the latter in order to the former; and such a faith, be it never so confident, tends not to licentiousness but to holiness: justification by grace destroys holiness by legal endeavours, but not by grace. Faith is often weak because of the carnal mind; pray, therefore, that more grace, yea, abundant grace, may be given you, and then you will put off the old man and his deeds; you will put on the new man and live for the honour and glory of him who has lived, died, and risen again for you; you have the first-fruits of the spirit now; you live by faith now, and not by sight; you are not full grown in Christ, but when earth is exchanged for heaven you will be complete in him; sanctification in Christ is glorification begun, as glorification is sanctification perfected. If you would be happy, you must set God's lovingkindness and all the gifts of his love ever before your eyes; Christ's death, resurrection, intercession, before your eyes, which will bring joy, hope, peace, and love; you must believe for your justification, adoption, the gift of the spirit, and a future inheritance, your

death and resurrection with Christ. In believing for these things, your whole way is adorned with flowers, and has these fruits growing on each side, so that it is through the garden of Eden rather than through the wilderness of Sinai. Your way is a pleasant one, it is the way of holiness, it is the path of peace, therefore "rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of your salvation;" you are free from fears and terrors of conscience, which the impenitent are bowed down with; yours is not the way of Mount Sinai, but of Jerusalem; you are freed from slavish fear when liberated by the spirit of God; your bonds are broken, and not all the powers of darkness can bind you again when the Lord has made you free—"if the son shall make you free, you shall be free indeed." O! delightful thought, to be delivered from bondage here, and from eternal bondage hereafter. Think what a debt of gratitude you owe the Redeemer for such condescension and surpassing love; had he not interceded, you must have suffered the penalty of sin—death, eternal death; you must have borne the wrath of a righteous and justly offended God. Christ has, according to the eternal purpose, "borne your griefs, he has carried your sorrows, and with his stripes you are healed." "He has been made sin for you who knew no sin, that you might be made the righteousness of God in him," and by his one offering he has for ever perfected them who are sanctified; lay hold, therefore, on infinite grace, mercy, and power to secure you. The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand—Psa. cxxi, 5—if you place entire

confidence in Christ, if you keep near his side, and dwell under his shadow, nothing can harm you; you will brave all the storms of life, and through Christ strengthening you, conquer all your foes; you will enjoy such assurance, that you will exclaim, when surrounded with difficulties—

Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie,
Yet Christ will safely keep,
And guide me with his eye;
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
And I each boisterous storm outride.
By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast!
Oh! may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more!
When'er becalmed I lie,
And storms forbear to toss,
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss;
For more the treacherous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.
Come, heavenly wind, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace,
To waft from all below
To heaven, my destined place!
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

“Without faith it is impossible to please God,” as God is the source of all happiness; if you have no faith in him, you can have no lasting joy or peace; if you have little faith, do not rest satisfied with it, but pray for more—the more you have the more holy, happy, and useful you will be. The means whereby you may increase from a weak faith to a strong faith are, first, with all diligence and care to attend on the means of grace, public and private, hear the word, pray, read, meditate, and hold converse with those who worship the

Lord in his holy temple, cultivate a devotional spirit, be earnest like Jacob, wrestle in prayer when bowing at the mercy seat, and then, like him, you will prevail, "for the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." If your zeal for the Lord of Hosts is great, and you delight in holy fellowship and communion with his people, you will say, when entering the sanctuary, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts; my soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God. A day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."—Psa. lxxxiv—1, 2, 10.

I love her gates, I love the road :
The church adorn'd with grace
Stands like a palace built for God,
To shew his milder face.

My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred, dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

The love of God displayed in all temporal and spiritual blessings tends to strengthen faith, seeing he is immutable and unchangeable in his goodness; the weakest believer should not doubt or fear, rather should he rejoice that "his name is written in heaven." "Shew piety at home" would you increase in all the graces of the spirit and be the possessor of that faith which honours God, live near him, walk with him, enter your closet often, shut yourself in with God, be alone with him very often, turn your mind Godward, turn your thoughts

from the world and let them be centered upon Christ, and then your faith will increase, your soul will thrive, you will be made "meet for the inheritance among the saints in light," How sweet and profitable will be your fellowship and communion with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ, one in heart, and one in mind you will be, as nothing will ever be able to separate you from the love of Christ, so that you can say—

If Christ and we are one,
What should remain to fear,
If he in heaven hath fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

Let your light shine at home as well as abroad, be sincere, be upright and earnest in all you do and say, let your conversation be as becometh the gospel of Christ; "let the same mind and spirit be in you which was in Christ Jesus;" have a church in your house and be a saint there as well as in the congregation of saints, wear no false garb, put on the garments of salvation and the robe of righteousness; be no angel of light before men, and angel of darkness in your own home, for thereby you will reap damnation to your own soul. There are some professors of christianity who are worse men in their own families than elsewhere; when unseen by the world they suffer their evil tempers to gain the ascendancy, to govern them, and thereby make the sacred, hallowed home miserable and wretched for all who are dwellers there. So inconsistent is such conduct, that we are ready to ask—Have such persons any grace? Are they really christians, or only nominally? "The fruits of the spirit are love, joy, and peace."

By the fruit a tree bears we distinguish it, and by the general fruit borne by professors we estimate them. If a life is made up of evil tempers and deceitful assumptions it will sow the seeds of corruption, briars and thorns will spring up, tares and weeds, and at last these will be burnt with unquenchable fire. Bring forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness, and you will be judged righteous; if otherwise, whatever your position and pretensions are, rest assured that sooner or later your structure, built upon the foundation of sand, will fall, and you will be lost for ever. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Jesus was meek and lowly, his spirit was one of love; does it not become you and me and all who name the name of Christ to be like him, to cherish such a spirit as harmonizes with the gospel, loving and forgiving one another, even as we hope to be forgiven. How many think lightly of these things, which, after all, are some of the best evidences of a regenerated state. "Old things passing away and all things becoming new." When we become the subjects of a divine change, our evil tempers and dispositions are brought into subjection. Learn of Christ, and you will then find rest unto your soul.

So let our lips and lives express,
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

Faith may be strengthened, and happiness much increased, if you often seriously meditate on God's saving attributes, his goodness, mercy, omnipotence, and truth in his promises, and on the all sufficiency of Christ's merits and obedience, which

are the foundations upon which your faith is built, and which will never fail you. Christ is the Rock of Ages, on which the Church is built; so firm is this rock, that no storms affect it, and none will affect seriously those who are building thereon.

Christ is the solid rock on which we stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

You will find, however strong your faith, that some measure of corruption lurks within your breast still. Satan will often vex and harass you; he will, by his suggestions at times, stir up unbelief—"The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh."—Gal. v. 17. Though Abraham was the father of believers, yet, by persuasion of Sarah, he took Hagar, &c. Rebecca believed Isaac should have the blessing, and God would have it so; yet, seeing Esau so near it, her faith failed, and she helped it forward with a lie. David's faith also failed him when he said, "I shall now perish one day by the hand of Saul." Job's faith failed when he cursed his day. Moses's faith was very weak at the rock, and Peter's faith failed him when he most needed it to stand on the water. Your's, reader, will also fail, unless you keep near, very near, to the Cross of Christ; you may fall, you may wound the precious Saviour afresh by unbelief; but, in answer to prayer, you may be restored again to Divine compassion and favour: for

The soul that on Jesus has lean'd for repose,
He will not, he will not desert to its foes;
Though earth and all hell should endeavour to shake,
He'll never, no never, no never forsake.

The apostle Peter says, "We are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation," ready

to be revealed in the last time, wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations. That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ—whom, having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory; receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls.”—1st Peter, i, 5, 9. Reader, your happiness depends on your justification before God, through the merits of Christ; you cannot justify yourself, but if you desire to be reconciled to God, Christ will impute his righteousness unto you, he will clothe you with the garment of salvation, and adorn you with all the graces of the spirit; he will prepare you for heaven, and a blissful immortality; he has opened a fountain for sin and uncleanness.—Zech. xiii, 1.

Come to Calvary's holy mountain,
 Sinners ruined by the fall!
 Here a pure and healing fountain
 Flows to you, to me, to all,
 In a full, perpetual tide,
 Opened when our Saviour died.

Come, in poverty and meanness;
 Come, defiled without, within;
 From infection and uncleanness,
 From the leprosy of sin;
 Wash your robes and make them white;
 Ye shall walk with God in light.

Come in sorrow and contrition,
 Wounded, impotent, and blind!
 Here the guilty, free remission,
 Here the troubled peace may find.
 Health this fountain will restore.
 He that drinks shall thirst no more:

He that drinks shall live for ever:
'Tis a soul renewing flood.
God is faithful; God will never
Break his covenant in blood,
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when he was glorified.

“By him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses.”—Acts xiii. 39. “Knowing that a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ, even we have believed in Jesus Christ, that we might be justified by the faith of Christ, and not by the works of the law, for by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified.—Gal. ii. 16. “By the righteousness of one the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life, for by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous.”—Rom. v. 18. It is said that when God in his providence afflicts, it often results in our salvation, that he has some wise purpose to be accomplished by chastisement—“Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.” Afflictions work in us, if sanctified, “the peaceable fruits of righteousness.” This was the case with L——T., who had spent much time and talent in the service of sin and Satan, but who, through the sovereign mercy of God, was “plucked as a brand from the everlasting burning.” Shortly before his decease he sent for an intimate friend, unto whom he unbosomed all his feelings of joy and sorrow. His biographer says, “He desired me to go to prayer with him; when that was done, he said, ‘Sir, I have matters of great moment to talk to you about:’ whereupon he took me by the hand, and with tears in his eyes, told me some passages of his former life. I must own I

never saw plainer signs of a sincere contrition of heart than in him. It was extremely affecting to observe with what self-loathing and abhorrence he spoke of some things he had formerly taken delight in. After he had recovered himself from a flood of tears, he said to me, 'I am persuaded, sir, that God, for my good, seeing my work is done here, removes me from this world, that I might not again be entangled in the snares and temptations of it. The Lord well knew how easily I was drawn into sin, and I am satisfied he takes me hence to prevent my falling into some grievous wickedness; so that I am sure what others may esteem my loss will prove my gain; I shall find my account in it at last. My chief concern is now about the eternal salvation of my soul; I must beg you, therefore, to answer me some questions. Sir,' said he, 'since the soul, by sin, is obnoxious to the wrath of God, that is, as I take it, liable to the sentence of that law which we have broken, how is it freed from the guilt of sin?' When I had answered we are justified freely by the grace of God, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus," and that, "being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," he asked me by what means are we freed from pollution and the stain of sin? I told him there was a fountain open for sin and uncleanness, and shewed what that fountain was. I added that "Christ had purchased redemption for us," and was gone to prepare the mansions of glory, and that he sends forth his spirit to "make us meet for the inheritance of the saints in light." Here

he looked upon me with an eager concern. 'But, sir,' said he, 'how can I enjoy the comfort of the pardon of sin in this world, even supposing my sins to be actually pardoned?' I answered, "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits that we are the children of God," and therefore, you ought earnestly to pray that God would give you the spirit of adoption, to enable you to cry Abba, Father; that he would give you the earnest of the heavenly inheritance in your heart, and that he would say to you, "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee; fear not, I am thy salvation." Now, sir, he proceeded, I find the disadvantage of not hearkening to your former counsels; alas! how justly may I take up a lamentation over myself: for though I find a willingness to pour out my soul to God in prayer, yet I find myself very much at a loss for the want of the gift of prayer. Some time after, when I had been at prayer with him, he desired me, with an extraordinary cheerfulness in his countenance, to sit down on his bedside, which, when I had done, he took me by the hand, and pressing it very hard, said, sir, I can tell you now it is no fiction, but what I have from comfortable experience, it is good for me that I have been afflicted, for "before I was afflicted I went astray," but now I have kept God's word. These words he repeated an hundred times and more in his illness, laying a peculiar emphasis on the particle now. He added—now, sir, I can assure you that death has lost its sting as to me. He is so far from being a thing of terror, that he is a messenger of peace. O!

happy day, when sin and sorrow shall cease for ever. Now I can lift up my head, for my redemption draws nigh. I feel the powerful influences of the love of God warming my soul with ardent desires after him; will he give such tastes of his love where he designs not fully to satisfy the desires of the soul that longs after him. O! my soul, be glad in God thy Saviour; rejoice in the rock of thy salvation. The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; I have a goodly heritage. When dying, he said that though he was satisfied to die, and had a comfortable prospect before him, yet now he was engaged in it, he found dying to be hard work, and therefore, said he, help me with suitable expressions to raise my heart to God while I remain in the body; for though my soul be on the wing, yet, through my present weakness, I find something that deadens my thoughts. He said to his brother in his dying moments,—‘Brother, I leave this as my last advice to you: if you would live easy and die happy fear God, avoid idle drinking company, and likewise women.’ Some of his last words were—‘I believe in God, I believe also in Christ Jesus. Come Lord Jesus, come quickly. Why are his chariots so long a coming? Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none on earth I desire besides thee. Death is welcome, come as soon as it will. I hope you don’t think I am afraid to die, the sooner the better.’ After saying this he died in a few minutes.

“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their

labours, and their works do follow them.”- Rev. xiv, 13. Reader, remember the dying man’s advice to his brother; if you are living “without God, and without hope in the world,” live so no longer. Repent, believe, and be saved; then your life will be honourable, useful, and happy, and your death will be a glorious one, for angels will hover over you and wait to bear you to realms of glory and of bliss. O happy, happy state, free from sorrow, free from all disappointments and cares. O that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest. “Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.” Numb. xxiii, 10.

How blest the righteous when he dies,
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast.

So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o’er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys,
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

Farewell conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell,
How bright the unchanging morn appears,
Farewell inconstant world farewell.

Life’s labour done as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While Heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies!

“I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; I am come to give life, and to give it more abundantly.” These words were repeated by a young man as he stood by the bedside of an aged saint, whose sufferings and pains were such, that

tears often rolled down the cheeks of those who witnessed the same. Though so heavily afflicted, and sorely tried and tempted, no murmur or complaint was even heard to drop from the sufferer's lips; on the contrary, the song of joyful praise was heard in the tabernacle of the righteous; a halo of glory often surrounded the brow of this poor but faithful servant of the Lord; his countenance would beam with joy, and become radiant with delight whenever the name of Jesus was mentioned. On one occasion, he said it is sweeter than honey; it is sweeter to a dying man than all other names, yea, sweeter than all the world besides—"His name is above every name." O thou blessed Saviour, make me more grateful for thy love to me, and to all the world; though I am not so faithful to thee as I ought to be; though I do not exercise faith in thee to the extent I ought, still thou wilt remember me, thou wilt never leave me nor forsake me; I know I shall be saved, and dwell with thee for ever; I am sure I shall never perish, though I deserve to be cast into outer darkness, into the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, and where the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever.

O to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be.

Teach me gracious Saviour how to love thee more and better, to walk before thee with a perfect heart, and help me to bear my affliction so as to honour thee in life, and glorify thee in the hour of death. Grant me grace to be resigned to thy will, thou art my father and thou knowest what will be

best for me. Teach me how to live, teach me how to die.

Teach me to live that I may dread,
The grave as little as my bed,
Teach me to die that so I may,
Rise glorious at the judgment day.

I have been reading my bible to-day, and while turning over its blessed pages, I thought I heard some voice saying, read the first chapter of James, and the twelfth verse—"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life which the Lord hath promised to them that love him." These words cheered me much. I always find comfort after reading my bible, I wish I had read it more when I enjoyed health, when I was young; I wish all young men would read their bibles every day, then they would be happy, honourable, and useful; I am sure no one can be really happy who neglects to read the scriptures—Christ says, "They are they which testify of me." When addressing a friend one day, he said, how many great and glorious promises there are to encourage me and all who suffer affliction. While lying here last night my pains increased, and Satan tempted me much; my faith became weak for a time, and clouds of darkness hovered over me; all light had disappeared, and then I began to think I should perish after all. I prayed for several minutes that I might be strengthened; that I might find Christ to be precious again, and that the hour of darkness, pain, and temptation might pass away. After praying some time these words flashed across my mind, and with irresistible power—"I will that

they also whom thou has given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me." I then felt a little more composed, and after meditating on these words I felt Christ was still with me; that the darkness was past, and the light of his countenance was beaming upon me; my soul became filled with unspeakable joy as these cheering words came to my mind—"He that endures to the end shall be saved." "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the Tree of Life which is in the midst of the Paradise of God."—Rev. ii, 7. "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it."—Rev. ii, 17. "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God."—Rev. iii, 12. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne."—Rev. iii, 21. "Ye are they who have continued with me in my temptation, and I appoint unto you a kingdom, even as my Father hath appointed unto me."—Luke xxii, 28, 29. Having been much tempted on one occasion, he said, Christ has conquered death and the grave, and as he rose so will all his people, they will be victorious at last. "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."—1st Cor. xv, 5, 7. O for more faith; "Lord increase my faith."

O for an overcoming faith,
 To cheer my dying hours,
 To triumph o'er the monster Death,
 And all his frightful powers.
 Joyful with all the strength I have,
 My quivering lips shall sing,
 Where is thy boasted victory, Grave?
 And where the monster's sting.

If sin be pardoned I'm secure,
Death hath no sting beside,
The law gives sin its damning powers,
But Christ my ransom died.

Now to the God of victory,
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors while we die,
Through Christ our living head.

One day he said to a friend who delighted to visit his humble abode and talk of sovereign grace "I wish I had wings to fly away to my home beyond the skies," still I will wait the appointed time, until my change come; my Father knows what is best for me and his time will be the right time, he does all things well; all things are in his hands and he has loved his people with an everlasting love, they are redeemed to God with blood—"He hath the keys of death and the unseen world. Precious in his sight is the death of his saints, "may we be numbered among them in glory everlasting." Let us only aim to be ever ready, and "give diligence to be found of him in peace without spot and blameless," and then when death comes to remove us we may hope, as it were, to hear the Saviour say "it is I, be not afraid." On another occasion he said, "why should a living man complain?" A sinner has no right and a saint no reason, for "all things are working together for good." I know I must shortly put off this my tabernacle, I feel so very weak; I feel nature giving way; day by day my strength decreases—as the outward man decays may the inward man be renewed day by day;" I am weary of my journey, I wish to be at home. O come, thou blessed Saviour, come thou Son of the ever-living God and Father, why do thy

chariot wheels tarry thus; come quickly, Jesus, my Redeemer, come release my spirit, and bid her wing her flight to the mansions above. Having thus expressed himself, he rose in the bed and burst forth into singing—

To Canaan's sacred bound,
We haste with songs of joy,
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.
There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict's o'er;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
Nor thirst nor hunger more.
There in celestial strains,
Enraptured myriads sing;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God himself is King.
We soon shall join the throng,
Their pleasures we shall share,
And sing the everlasting song
With all the ransomed there.
How bright the prospect is,
It cheers the pilgrim's breast,
We are journeying through the wilderness,
But soon shall gain our rest.

Hallelujah, we are on our way to God.

Looking to his friends near the bed side, he said, "Pray for me that my faith may not fail. O that I may be faithful; I feel very weak, my poor frail body is full of pain; but all will soon be o'er, the conflict soon will cease:

Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And, then, oh how sweet the conqueror's song.

To have Christ in me and with me now, when all earthly friends can do me but little good, is more than I deserve and more than I could expect. I sought and found him when I was young, and ever since he has been with me; he has kept me by day and by night, and has always been doing me good; he is my best friend, the only unchanging, true, and ever faithful friend, I wish I had loved

him more; I wish all my children would love him and choose him as their portion here and hereafter. No one can be happy without Christ: they may possess riches and honours, but if Christ is not formed in their hearts, the hope of eternal glory, they will be poor indeed; the poorest, if children of God, may and will be happy. O that men were wise. O that they understood these things. O that they would say 'satisfy us early with thy mercy that we may rejoice all the days of our lives and be glad.' Let Jesus be the first and the last with all of you; cleave unto him; keep near his side; come to his banqueting house, and the banner over you will be love."

'Tis Jesus the first and the last,
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

"Do you find Christ to be precious now," asked one friend. "O, yes," was the reply, "I find him more precious than ever; I could not live without Christ, and I am sure I cannot die without him. You cannot think how he supports me; he lays beneath me his strong arm, his everlasting arms of love, and I cannot sink; no, I shall never sink with such a prop. O, what a sinner I am; but what a Saviour I have. Satan tempts me, and then Jesus brings such sweet promises to my mind, and thereby strengthens me, and enables me to triumph over the evil one; he makes me conquer while I live, and he will when I die." Having thus spoken, nature gave way, a change was evident; death-like paleness stole over the calm and cheerful countenance of the sufferer; the limbs became

cold; the bright and expressive eye, after one glance more upward, was closed for ever on all terrestrial things, to gaze for ever on the celestial. Once again he said, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly;" and then said, "This is the last struggle, it is the last hour; dying is hard work for a christian, but far harder for an ungodly man. I have heaven before me; I am as certain of going there as I am that I am dying, but the impenitent sinner has no heaven, but hell in prospect. I am going home; I am going to rest; I hear the chariot wheels; I see the Angels coming—how bright they shine! They are singing the new song, "Come on ye heavenly host; come thou blessed Saviour and take me to reign with thee for ever."

And loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

Having uttered these words, he breathed his last. Reader, would you be happy? then believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.

If you would be happy you must never yield to the least temptation, you must build all your hopes on Christ and on no other. You must build with your sword girded upon your thigh. Never attempt to build without. As there is no fighting, so there is no building to advantage without *the sword of the spirit*, therefore take it to you.—Eph. vi. 16, 17. He who enjoins you to take the *shield of faith*, says also take the *sword of the spirit*. Christ is our armoury and magazine for military provision; and this piece of armour among the rest he has to give, and wills to you to

take. He gives you his sword, his word.—John xvii. 14. Therefore take what he gives; he gives you his word of grace and promise, even great and precious promises; and every promise believed is a sword drawn against the enemy and matter fit for building with. Search the scriptures and hide the word in your heart, and thus gird the sword by your side. He gives you his word, saying, “Take this sword of mine, it is better for you than the sword of Goliath,”—there is none like it. You may build with this sword and build to purpose; you may fight with this sword and fight to advantage. Satan flies before you, and enemies may be driven away with it. *“This is the victory whereby we overcome the World, even our faith of this word; all the Saints overcome by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony.”*—Rom. xii.—11.

Always have your sword in your hand, never attempt to go about any work without your sword; never pray without it; you may wrestle with God himself, with the word of promise in your hand, in your heart, and while you wrestle with God pleading his promise and prevail, then you win the day against the enemy. Thus shall you be furnished for your daily work and war; your daily building and battle; and I pray that this text may be spiritually verified in your experience and mine. *The builders had every one his sword girded by his side and so builded. “There is a conflict and there is a crown,”* said a bright and happy little girl who was only ten years of age, when prostrated with burning fever and tortured

with cruel pains; "Oh," said she, "that I may be faithful unto the end and then I shall receive a crown of life, one which I shall wear amid all the shining ones; yes, among all those happy ones who are clothed in white. No one shall ever take it from me, because Jesus has purchased it for me; he has promised to give it me, and I am sure whatever he has promised he will perform. I have heard that the crowns which Kings and Queens wear are very beautiful, but mine will be more glorious, mine will shine more brightly, it will be more valuable than all the crowns which ever have been and ever will be worn by earthly Kings and Queens, for it is a 'Crown of righteousness which the Lord the righteous judge shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them that love his appearing.' What a blessed and happy state mine will be soon; I wish I was now in heaven; I think I can hear thousands of children singing the praises of Jesus; I shall soon join them, for my strength is going fast every day. You cannot tell how full of pain I am; but I feel that Christ is always nearer me when my sufferings are the greatest; I am sure he will never leave me, but support me until the last struggle is over; how joyful will that moment be. You need not grieve when I am gone, I shall be much happier in heaven than on earth. I hope you will come and join me soon, and then we will sing together the praises of Jesus for ever and ever. It will be joyful when we meet to part no more. I want to go to heaven; I want to be clothed in pure and spotless white."

"I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead, a harp within my hand;
There, right before my Saviour, so glorious and so bright,
I'll make the sweetest music, and praise him day and night.
I never will be weary, nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow, nor ever feel a fear;
But blessed, pure, and holy, I'll dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousand praise him both day and night.

I know I'm weak and sinful, but Jesus will forgive,
For many little children have gone to heaven to live;
Dear Saviour, when I languish, and lay me down to die,
Oh! send a shining angel, and bear me to the sky.
Oh! then I'll be an angel, and with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead, a harp within my hand;
There, right before my Saviour, so glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heavenly music, and praise him day and night."

The loss of dear friends prostrates the most faithful. The tender hearted, and loving mother who has watched anxiously, day and night, for signs to encourage her hope that her dear little one will be restored, weeps bitterly as death gently steals over the angelic countenance of her much loved boy; when the last struggle is given, and the last breath drawn, and he is hushed to his last and long sleep, her sorrow is more intense and far deeper than that which arises from any other cause; her soul is filled with unutterable anguish. No tongue can describe the parent's feelings when death invades the happy home and takes one and another from its hallowed spot. The vacant seat reminds of the past; the prattling voice no more to be heard increases the sorrow; nothing can supply the place of the pride of the heart but the Saviour's love; his presence only can dry the falling tear, and turn the night of weeping into the morning of joy; his grace alone can sustain the drooping, fainting spirit. The world may seek to charm and offer its cordials, but

these will increase rather than diminish sorrow. Friends may sympathise and endeavour to bind up the broken spirit; but alas, alas, all will avail little or nothing in the absence of Christ. He bears his people up under all their trials, and if they are sanctified by such visitations in his providence, he rejoices over them with still greater joy than before. It is possible that you, dear reader, have lost some near and dear friends; that you have had to take the last look, and bid farewell to those you fondly loved, and if you are prostrated in consequence, seek comfort and support at the throne of the heavenly grace; let the thought of meeting again in the mansion above assuage your grief and calm your troubled soul. You will meet to part no more in glory. It will be a happy meeting indeed before the throne of God and the Lamb; all will be the king's children, and joint heirs of the same glorious inheritance; all will possess one heart and one spirit, and all will be engaged in the same blessed work, singing songs of praises to the Lamb that was slain and redeemed them to God. Oh! for this happy hour. Oh! that you and I may be daily preparing for such unspeakable joy. Oh! for more grace, more wisdom, and greater measures of faith, that we may be "steadfast and unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." You must be resigned to the will of God if you would be happy; if you suffer much, you must pray more; if you are bereaved, and all your loved ones are torn from your side, be submissive still, and let these thoughts be your solace—They are happy in

my Saviour's love; they are free from sin and suffering; they are singing, and will for ever, "Salvation, and glory, and honour to God and the Lamb."

'Mid the chorus of the skies,
 'Mid the angelic lyres above,
 Hark! their songs melodious rise,
 Songs of praise to Jesus' love;
 Happy spirits, ye are fled
 Where no grief can entrance find;
 Lulled to rest, the aching head,
 Soothed, the anguish of the mind.
 All is tranquil and secure,
 Calm and undisturbed repose;
 There no cloud can intervene,
 There no angry tempest blows;
 Every tear is wiped away,
 Sighs no more shall heave the breast;
 Night is lost in endless day,
 Sorrow in eternal rest.

Those who bear trials and afflictions with the greatest resignation, shew that the work of sanctification is more perfect in them; they are the happiest and most God-honouring among the chosen and redeemed ones on earth. Often rebellious feelings strive for the mastery, and these are subdued as grace is imparted and increased. Though trials are grievous to be borne, there is not one of God's people, after being delivered from the fiery furnace, who will do otherwise than bless and praise him for the refining and purifying process they have undergone. I have more reason to be grateful for my trials and difficulties in life hitherto, than for all my seasons of prosperity; not one stroke have I had too many; not half the chastisement have I had that I deserved; the mercy of God has been manifested in forbearing and in making one so unworthy the subject of Divine grace. Oh! for a more loving and devoted heart.

Oh! for a fresh baptism from above, that I may live in the fear of the Lord, and walk before him with a perfect heart; and may grace, abundant grace be given, that I may be sanctified in body and in spirit; and after the chastening of my Heavenly Father has answered its end, may I be received into his presence, and dwell there for ever and ever; to behold his face in righteousness, and sing the new song—yea, “Worthy the Lamb.” It is far easier to say bear trials with submission than it is to be resigned; still, in order to be happy, you and I must bend our will to that of our Heavenly Father. Let us be content that God’s will should take place; let us carefully secure our duty, and afterwards let us care for no more; leave the event to God, and let him choose for us. It is to little purpose to resolve to bear evenly great calamities, which perhaps shall never happen; to gather a stock of patience against violent persecutions and the flames of martyrdom, and meanwhile to be fretful and angry at every loss and trifling accident. This is self-deceit, and an imaginary patience stoutly to resolve upon great evils when they are far off, and yield to lesser when present; we are rather to remember the words of our blessed Lord—“To take up our cross daily and follow him.” When a rough-hewn plank is to be joined to one that is even, it must be planed and made smooth by great or smaller strokes, at the workman’s discretion; our deformed souls or crooked wills are to be close united to God who is most equal and perfect, therein consists our happiness. We must, therefore, let him

(who is pleased to undertake that work) polish and rectify our souls and make them conformable to his blessed will by what means he pleaseth; by great or lesser blows, according as he knows to be expedient. It behoves you and me to follow the prince of sufferings by love and imitation, cheerfully bearing our cross, whatever it be, mindful of this profitable advice—"My son, if thou come to serve the Lord, prepare thy soul for temptation; set thy heart aright and constantly endure, and make not haste in time of trouble. Whatsoever is brought unto thee take cheerfully, and be patient when thou art changed to a low estate. They that fear the Lord will not disobey his word, and they that love him will keep his ways."

Leave to his sovereign will,
 To choose, and to command;
 With wonder filled, thou then shalt own
 How wise, how strong his hand.
 Thou comprehend'st him not,
 Yet earth and heaven tell,
 God sits as sovereign on the throne;
 He ruleth all things well.
 He everywhere hath sway,
 And all things serve his might.
 His every act pure blessing is;
 His path unsullied light.
 When he makes bare his arm,
 What shall his work withstand?
 When he his people's cause defends,
 Who, who shall stay his hand?
 Thou seest our weakness, Lord;
 Our hearts are known to thee,
 O lift thou up the sinking hand;
 Confirm the feeble knee.
 Let us, in life and death,
 Boldly thy truth declare;
 And publish, with our latest breath,
 Thy love and guardian care.

The best proof of God's desire to make men happy, is when he uses the rod of correction; some evince great resignation, whilst others shew

great resistance under chastisement. The more you bear, the more God will forbear; and therefore endeavour, when severely tried, to say the same as the excellent Rev. T. C—— did, when he was much afflicted—"My all," said he, "is in the Lord's hands, and I am fully satisfied. He will doubtless grant me that degree of health and strength which, all things considered, is best for me. During the whole of my indisposition I had daily proofs of the Lord's great faithfulness in fulfilling his promises graciously made to us in his word—'As my day of trial or suffering was, so was my strength.' Soon after the commencement of my complaint, when I understood the very serious consequences likely to follow, he graciously favoured me with such glorious views of himself as produced a comfortable, calm frame of mind, and a joyful resignation to his will. I never had such views before (I mean in the same degree of clearness and continuance) of his sovereignty and justice of his goodness and tenderness. It was impossible for me to believe that he who gave his life a ransom for me would do me ultimately any harm, but the greatest good. It was the amazing sight by faith of a crucified Saviour that conquered all the rebellions of my will, and banished all my fears. Under whatever character I viewed, I could not help loving him and having confidence in him, and rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory. The loveliness of his character, as set forth in his word; the infinite dignity of the person of Jesus; the fulness of his salvation; the immutability of his councils were brought before


my views with such overpowering evidence and glory, that my feeble nature could hardly support itself under it. I found a nearness in my mind to the eternal world which I never experienced before, and heaven was almost in view. To worship God with all the heart, and to adore his divine perfections, would, I thought, be a heaven of eternal joys enough to satisfy any soul for ever. All things here on earth were at a distance from my mind; but I felt a continual care on my mind for his blessed cause and interest in the world, and I rejoiced that it could go on and prosper without my assistance. The government is on Jesus' shoulders, and that is enough; because he lives, his cause shall live and flourish abundantly. Jesus, and 'him crucified,' was my all for the eternal salvation of my poor and guilty soul. All other knowledge, but what I knew of him, was totally useless and of no value; but I felt inexpressible thankfulness for the little (oh, how little!) I knew of him. I was glad I had endeavoured to speak of him to poor perishing sinners, but I was sorry and ashamed that I spoke no better of a character so infinitely deserving of every commendation, and so necessary for sinners to be acquainted with. I rejoiced that he was exalted on earth, and would be exalted till time is no more. I felt great love to, and value for, all those who, as public ministers, were endeavouring faithfully to set forth his glories. After all the vain talk that is in the world, Jesus is everything to a lost sinner. He is all in all. I could hardly bear bestowing a thought upon any other subject.

I found no lessening of my pain until the Lord himself became my physician, and this came to pass through the church having taken my case in hand and crying for help, and he, according to his promise, heard them. I have now faith to believe that one earnest prayer is better than all the physicians in the world. I have had, I believe, the prayers of some hundreds in this affliction, and in answer to their prayers a verse came to my mind with such power that I believed I should be raised again for a short time, and that was Psa. cxviii. 17. My tender and beloved Father has given me ease, though I am not yet able to come out of my bed-room. I ask him nothing but he gives it me, and I have never had such faith to pray to him as I have at present. I know that the Lord hath put this affliction upon me, and I know that whether I live or die of it, it shall be for a blessing to me. I have learnt during these ten weeks more of myself and of God's goodness than during the last forty years that have passed. I was brought to read the bible, which I before read in great measure for the edification of others, now wholly for myself, as the only book by which I shall be tried in the great day of judgment. Though I have hundreds of books, yet I had no such taste for any as for the bible. Three things I had a clearer insight into in my illness than before: the plan of salvation through Christ, the necessity of especial communion with God in all religious duties, and the importance of a conversation worthy of the gospel. The chief thing I now desire is to love the great God who clothed himself

in flesh to redeem vile sinners such as I am." Dear reader, you have before you the testimony of a much-tried christian and of a dying man; he says all his consolation was in and from Christ, and all the world was as nothing to him; the more trials he had, and the heavier his afflictions were, the nearer he strove to live to his blessed Redeemer. Thus may it be with you; you may always be happy in Christ; but you never will be truly blessed out of Christ. The law condemns you as long as you are alienated from Jesus by wicked works; but when your heart is subdued by grace, and you become a willing and obedient subject, "there is no condemnation to you; your debt of guilt has been cancelled by the precious blood of your Divine Redeemer, the law has been honoured, Divine justice has been satisfied, the uttermost farthing has been paid, and you are made free and happy for ever. Would you increase your joy and enrich your soul, then do all you can to benefit others. Thousands, and tens of thousands of precious immortal souls are perishing around you; it is your duty to speak to them about the love of Christ, about the great salvation, about heaven and its joys, and thus to persuade them to become partakers with yourself of the glorious inheritance. You must "lift up your voice like a trumpet," and cry "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." You will find that, through being thus diligent and faithful, your joy will increase abundantly. Let the thought that Christ has done so much for you ever stimulate you to do all you possibly can for his

cause, and if you labour well you will be amply rewarded—for “they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.” In order to be happy, you must be disinterested, your motives must be pure, no deception must be practised; you have to deal with one whose eye penetrates the heart, and therefore you cannot deceive him; you may deceive your fellow creatures but you cannot deceive God; if you cloak yourself before him, he will bring your sins to light, and visit your transgressions with a rod; and well will it be for you if you are corrected thus by him until deception gives place to sincerity, pride to humility, and the Devil to Christ; you had better be in God’s furnace than the Devil’s palace; in the service of one there is perfect freedom and unspeakable joy—in the service of the other there is tyranny, misery, and inexpressible woe. “The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.” “Choose you this day whom you will serve.” If you decide for Christ, then be very careful that your conduct and conversation be in unison with him and his gospel, let your walk be circumspect, and your influence great, for the glory and honour of your precious Saviour. Never be ashamed of the gospel; never be a shame to it; be a light to all around you; shed your beams on the path of many a weary pilgrim; cheer all, discourage none; shine more and more, and when the greatest darkness and gloom surrounds you, shine yet brighter

and brighter unto the perfect day. It may be that you are very young, just about to begin life, if so, begin well; let your associates be few and well chosen, or your happiness will be destroyed, your peace broken, your usefulness hindered, and your soul lost. These are startling facts, but they are not the less true; whatever you do choose the companionship of the godly and not that of fools. I cannot speak too plainly on this subject. I have known some noble young men, who, through evil associations, have step by step led a downward and hellward course; their ruin has been entirely owing to a mistaken choice of companions and associations. One in his last moments said, as the tears of sorrow rolled down his cheeks, "Oh, that I had lived otherwise; oh, that I had attended to the wise and holy counsels given me in the Sabbath school, in God's holy word, in his sanctuary, and by my pious and devoted mother—I think of these things now, but it is too late. I shall soon be in eternity. I am miserable now, but I shall be more so soon when the flames of Hell kindle upon me, then I shall wish more than ever that I had listened to instruction and the wisdom of the wise rather than the voice of the deceitful, flattering world. I would give all I possess if I could live my life over again; if I could I would begin with Christ, and I would end it with him; I would give any thing for a ray of hope now, but I feel it will never dawn upon me. I am enveloped in blackness and darkness—I now feel the truth of those lines which I have heard sung when attending Divine Service—



Plunged in a gulph of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

I am lost! yes, lost for ever! if I had chosen godly companions I should have lived differently and died happily. 'My peace would have been as a river, and my righteousness as the waves of the sea.' I have trifled with God and I have trifled with my fellow creatures, may God forgive me all my sins. Poor S——d was brought down to an early grave by my forfeited promises, I intended to engage and then deceive; oh, what a wretch I have been; she will witness in the judgment against me, would to God I could bring her back to earth and make atonement for all my cruelty, but these wishes are all vain. I have sinned, I now suffer and shall for ever and ever. God's mercy is gone and I am lost; the day of grace is past, my life is closing, my death is near and I am unsaved. Farewell, farewell for ever." Reader, pause for a moment, consider if you are chargeable with any crime under which this young man writhed in such agony, have you trifled with God and with your fellow creatures, are you so destitute of principle as to act deceitfully, are you guilty of such cruelty which is the next step to murder, have you no more dignity of character and nobleness of purpose than to wound the most sacred feelings, to blast the brightest prospects, and mar the happiness as long as life shall last of some tender and lovely plant; is it possible that any one can presume to trifle to wound and injure, so that usefulness is entirely destroyed?

Alas! alas! it has been done and is often thought lightly of by society, but it is not by God. Do not deceive yourself upon this point, your victim has suffered and you will suffer too; do not think that God will suffer you to cut down any beautiful flower as you please; your account has yet to be given; you have sinned and now you must suffer; it may not be at once, but the time for recompense will come at some season, and in such a manner as you least expect; you will have a thorn in the flesh and mourn that ever you basely deceived; the wicked shall not go unpunished; if you desire happiness be honest, faithful, and true, and "do unto others as you would have them do unto you." Integrity and uprightness will preserve you, and bring you blessings which the world can never give and never take away. Eternal happiness will be yours if you walk worthily and shun the paths of the deceitful, the wicked, and vain. Strive to enter and walk in the way of life. Christ has merited eternal happiness for you by his death upon the Cross; could your heart burn perpetually with those brightest flames of love which beautify the Cherubims, could they contain all the most passionate affections of all Saints both in Heaven and Earth, yet you could not love Jesus so much as he deserves for having died to save you from eternal death: and yet he did more, he suffered death that you might have life—that you might have eternal life—not only that you might not be entirely miserable, but also that you might be perfectly happy. Heaven is the purchase of the blood of Christ, as well as

redemption from Hell; "God who is rich in mercy for his great love wherewith he loved us when we were dead in trespasses and sins, hath quickened us together with Christ and hath raised us up and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus."—Eph. ii. 5, 6. "Think upon the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory reserved in Heaven for you."—II. Cor. iv. 17. Consider the dimensions as in the price wherewith it was bought. First the breadth—It comprehends all joys and pleasures, all things that are good and desirable, all that can yield satisfaction and create happiness to man, even that incomprehensible and uncreated goodness which is the inexhaustible fountain of perfect bliss and felicity, "in whose presence there is fulness of joy, at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore." Secondly its height—It is above the regions of the air, in the highest Heavens, the sublimity and greatness of its glory is expressed by being like the Angels of God, by shining forth as the Sun, by a Kingdom, a Crown incorruptible, a Crown of Life, and sitting with the Son of God on his Throne. Thirdly its depth—It is pure and unmingled, it admits of nothing afflictive, neither death nor sorrow, neither hunger nor thirst, neither pain nor anguish, "all tears are wiped from their eyes." There is the absence of all evil and the presence of all good, therefore it is called "the joy of our Lord," nothing can better express it. God is entirely and perfectly happy, and so incapable of any sorrow, that the least sight of the beatifical vision would turn

Hell itself into Paradise. Lastly its length—Its never ceasing duration: it admits of no end or period, it is everlasting, it is eternal, it is for ever and ever; after as many millions of years as there is drops in the Sea it will but begin, and after as many thousands of millions more it will be no nearer ending than it was at first, still eternal and ever eternal. This is that bliss which you forfeited by sin and are reintituled to by the death of Christ; that bliss which, if often considered, would make you despise the world; long for Heaven, love more affectionately, and serve more devotedly, that Jesus who offers it to you and died to purchase it. Wherefore Paul prays so earnestly for the Ephesians, "that God would give them the spirit of wisdom and revelation, the eyes of their understanding being enlightened, that they might know what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the Saints."—Eph. i. 18.

You ought and must love God, because he has loved you, and if the love of Jesus to you made him bear your sins, your Cross, then your love to him should make you bear with delight his yoke; if he died for you because he loved you, then you must live to him to shew that you love him, for this is love says St. John, that you keep his commandments.—I. John v. 3. By your hearty obedience you are to declare that you are sensible of his love, and desire to honour it. "If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love, and ye shall be my friends if ye do whatsoever I have commanded you."—John xv. 10.

If you live thus in the fear of the Lord, and study to do his will, you will ensure happiness in life, and glory and victory in the hour of death; you will end your course with joy, and enter that land where the inhabitants will say, we are no more sick, that land which flows with milk and honey, that blissful, that happy country, where all the redeemed and ransomed host will sing of Sovereign grace to all eternity. Oh happy, oh glorious abode, where sin nor sorrow ever enter; "There shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him: and they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads; and there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the Sun, for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever."—Rev. xxii. 3, 4, 5.

To thee, O dear, dear country,
 Mine eyes their vigils keep;
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep.
 The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love and life and rest.
 O one, O only mansion,
 O paradise of joy,
 Where tears are ever banished,
 And joys have no alloy!
 Thy ageless walls are radiant
 With precious stones unpriced;
 The saints build up its fabric;
 The corner-stone is Christ.
 I know not—O, I know not
 What social joys are there,
 What radiancy of glory,
 What light beyond compare!
 And when I fain would sing them,
 My spirit fails and faints,
 And vainly tries to image
 The assembly of the saints.

'Midst power that knows no limit,
And wisdom without bound,
The beatific vision
Shall gladden saints around :
There God, my king and portion,
In fullness of his grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.
They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song ;
And bright with many an angel,
And many a martyr throng.
The prince is ever in them,
The light is aye serene ;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.
There is the throne of David ;
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast :
And they, beneath their leader,
Who conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.
Jerusalem, the glorious,
The joy of the elect,
O ! dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect,
E'en now by faith I see thee,
E'en now thy walls discern ;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive and pant and yearn.
And, now, we fight the battle,
And, then, we wear the crown
Of full, and everlasting,
And passionless renown.
O land that seest no sorrow !
O state that know'st no strife !
O princely bowers ! O land of flowers !
O realm and home of life !



The Heavenly Jerusalem.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know.
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand:
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Heaven desired.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

O the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

All o'er those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Sun, for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

No chilling winds or poisonous breath
Can reach that peaceful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay:
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the wicked, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful; but his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night."—Psa. i. 1, 2. No one is truly happy while taking pleasure in the society of the ungodly. The world may flatter and unsanctified men may indulge in all its pleasures, but that man is alone really and everlastingly happy that walketh not in the way of the wicked; that is, that delighteth not in their vain imaginations, sinful affections, lustful desires, speculative wantonness, in a word, whose heart hateth and abominateth all venom of inward pollution that hath fountain or seat in any power of the soul. If you, dear reader, would be unspeakably happy, you must have no fellowship whatsoever with the workers of iniquity; you must separate yourself from them and from all the evils connected with worldly associations; you must rigidly determine to mortify the deeds of the body, to crucify the flesh, to live nearer and still nearer to God, to have more frequent communion and fellowship with Christ and his people: unless you constantly strive thus, you will come short of the heavenly rest and glorious inheritance above. There must be activity or diligence in life to secure happiness; every faculty of body and of mind must be employed for the good of men and the honour and glory of Christ, who has loved you with an everlasting love. The world is your sphere of labour—many have spent their lives in breaking up this fallow ground—much has been done, but still

more remains to be done, and therefore God says to you, if you are not actively engaged in disseminating the good seed of the kingdom, "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard." The more you obey this command, the more you will desire to do so, for the service of Christ is perfect freedom, it is satisfying pleasure, "His yoke is easy and his burden is light." "Delight thyself in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart." You must be active in warfare, your conflict must be against sin universally, the least as well as the greatest, the most profitable and the most pleasing sins, as well as against those that are less pleasing and profitable; you must combat with all, though you cannot conquer one as you should; you know that all sin strikes at God's holiness as well as your own happiness, at God's glory as well as at your soul's comfort and peace; you know that all sin is hateful to God, and all sinners are traitors to the crown and dignity of the Lord Jesus. You look upon one sin and see that that threw Noah down, the most righteous man in the world; you look upon another sin and see that that cast down Abraham, the greatest believer in the world; you look upon another sin and see that that threw down David, the best king in the world; and you look upon another sin and see that that cast down Paul, the greatest apostle in the world; you see that one sin threw down Sampson, the strongest man in the world; another cast down Solomon, the wisest man in the world; and another Moses, the meekest man in the world; and another cast down Job, the most patient man; and this raises a holy

indignation against all sin, so that nothing can satisfy and content your soul, but a destruction of all those lusts that vex and becloud the righteous-minded man. It is high time for you to awake from sleep to bestir yourself; time is on the wing, it is bearing you rapidly to the grave; soon your pilgrimage will end, your work will be cut short; whether you have done little or much for Christ and his Church, you must obey the summons when issued from the court of Heaven, to appear at the judgment seat. There you must render your account to the holy, the just, and the true judge of all; if you work while it is called day, your account will be one of joy—yea, joy beyond description or conception; but if you, on the contrary, are indolent and careless, if you suffer the golden opportunity and priceless hours to pass by unimproved, if you sleep in spring and summer time when you should be sowing precious seed and reaping a harvest of abundant and sweetest fruit, you will weep the bitterest tears of remorse and you will mourn at the last. Will you consecrate yourself to the Divine Redeemer? Will you from this hour throw your best energies into his cause? Will you suffer reproach, if required, for Jesus who died for you? Will you profess him and his gospel before the Church and the world, and glory if you are called to suffer in his cause? rejoice with exceeding great joy, that you are accounted worthy to suffer persecution for righteousness sake? If so, you are a true disciple of Christ and a faithful servant, who will be abundantly recompensed in the last, the great and notable day

of the Lord. Will you, on the contrary, deny your Creator, fear when ridiculed by those who have no fear of God before their eyes? Will you listen to the entreaty of those who are hurried on by dissipation and sin of the most heinous character to the blackness of despair, and the gulph of perdition? Consider ere it be too late—hearken to the voice of love and mercy which says to you, “follow me;” remember “Light is sown for the righteous, and joy and gladness for the upright in heart.” Think what love has done for you, and you will easily believe what love can do upon you: it will make you zealous in every good cause, it will make you anxious for the spread of Christianity, and it will make you more desirous for growth in grace and advancement in the divine life. Love, like active fire, turns all things into its likeness—it vested the most perfect God with your flesh and infirmities, because resemblance begets love; God would become like you that you might love him, and if you will entertain and follow the love of Jesus, it will make you become like him, if you will “walk in love as he walked.”—Eph. v. 2.—it will make you easily follow his footsteps and arrive to its perfect happiness. Behold and admire how great, how wonderful a thing is love: its power and perfection cannot be uttered, language fails to describe, and mind to fathom and conceive the love which is cherished by one individual to another—how much more does it fail when attempting to define and measure the love of the Father and the love of the Son towards guilty and apostate man. “In this was manifested the love of God towards

us, because God sent his only begotten Son into the world that we might live through him.”—I. John, iv. 9. He made you with a word, but to save you he wrought many wonders and suffered many pains. The Jews, when they saw him weep for dead Lazurus, said “Behold how he loved him.” When you see him shed not only tears but his blood, also dying that you may live—will not you say, behold how he loved me, what can I do in return? The answer is plain; love should return love: you love friends because they love you, because they have cared for and watched over you, your affections are drawn out towards them. Jesus has done more than all the world besides for you, therefore you should dwell in his bosom by sincere love, and approach the heart of your dearest Lord—your best, truest, and unchanging friend; there you will find the sweetest rest, the purest joy, the best instructions, and the greatest helps and encouragements to perfect holiness, till your happiness be perfect.

The expressions of love are obedience and submission, with a devout life, “Whoso keepeth his word, in him is the love of God perfected: hereby know we that we are in him.”—I. John, ii. 5. Be more in earnest: seeing Christ has done such great things for you, duty calls you to strain every nerve to make known the Saviour’s love to a dying and impenitent world.

Seek daily to add to the Church of Christ those who will shine in all christian duties, those who will labour afterwards to win souls unto Christ. The Church of Christ is comparatively small; the

followers of Satan are numerous; therefore it behoves you and me to do all we can to induce those who are hurrying headlong to the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone to repent, to turn from their wickedness and declare themselves on the Lord's side. Though the saints are comparatively few, though they are a little flock, a remnant, a garden enclosed, a spring shut up, a fountain sealed—though they are as the summer gleanings, though they are one of a city and two of a tribe, though they are but a handful to a houseful, a spark to a flame, a drop to the ocean, yet consider them in themselves, and so they are an innumerable number that cannot be numbered—as John says, “After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.” Matthew also says, “Many shall come from the East and West, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the Kingdom of Heaven.” Paul writes, “But ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of Angels—to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in Heaven, and to God the judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect.”—Luke, xii. 37, Cant. iv. 12, Jer. iii. 14, Rev. v. 9, Matt. viii. 11, Heb. xii. 22, 23. The best people are often the poorest; some rich men are saved; some who are in the greatest affluence are living entirely for the honour and glory of God, but the

poor chiefly make up the flock of Christ; many of these are despised by men while living, but after death it will be far otherwise; those who despised them on earth will envy them in glory; they will be raised to distinction and honour; they will be clothed with royal robes and not with mean attire; they will sit upon a Throne and reign as Kings and Priests for ever. "Know ye not that the Saints shall judge the world!" They will shine brighter than the Sun in his glory! How many of those who were rich in this world's goods, and who treated with contempt God's poor but holy and happy people will wish they could exchange places, and that they had had less of this world's perishable treasures, in order that they might have been induced to set their affections on things above. I have read of one Ingo, an ancient King of the Danes, who, making a stately feast, appointed his Nobles, at that time Pagans, to sit in the hall below, and commanded certain poor Christians to be brought up into his presence-chamber to sit with him at his table, to eat and drink of his kingly banquet; many wondered at this, and he said, he accounted Christians, however poor, a greater ornament at his table, and more worthy of his company than the greatest Peers unconverted to the christian faith—for when these might be thrust down to Hell, those might be his comforters and fellow princes in Heaven. The application of this is simple, but very solemn and striking: although you see the stars sometimes by their reflection in rivers, &c., yet the stars have their situation in Heaven—they are fixed there; though

the godly man is poor and low in this world, yet he is fixed in Heaven—you see him here, but he lives above; his thoughts and desires are heavenly, his aspirations are God-like, he breathes the purer air of the better country, which he is ever longing to enter, and wherein he knows he shall for ever dwell. His language is like that of David, “I am poor and sorrowful: let thy salvation, O God, set me up on high. I will praise the name of God with a song, and will magnify him with thanksgiving. This also shall please the Lord better than an ox or bullock that hath horns and hoofs. The humble shall see this, and be glad: and your heart shall live that seek God. For the Lord heareth the poor, and despiseth not his prisoners. Let the heaven and earth praise him, the seas, and every thing that moveth therein. For God will save Zion, and will build the cities of Judah: that they may dwell there, and have it in possession. The seed also of his servants shall inherit it: and they that love his name shall dwell therein.”—Psa. lxix. 29—36.

Oh blessed estate of the dead—
 The dead that have died in the Lord;
 From trouble and misery freed,
 And sure of their endless reward:
 By sorrow no longer oppress’d,
 When join’d to the spirits above,
 With Jesus in glory they rest—
 They rest in the arms of his love.

“Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established. Turn not to the right hand nor to the left: remove thy foot from evil.”—Prov. iv. 26, 27.

Reader, while the bloom of youth is on your cheek think upon these words, addressed by the

wisest man to you: if you consider your ways when starting in life you will be spared many a pang, and be delivered from much sorrow, and at last from eternal death; if you refuse to hear the instruction given in God's word, you will deservedly be cast out of the Kingdom, as unworthy, as unfit for Heaven and its joys. The bible speaks to you as plainly and faithfully as it possibly can; God's ministers are ever warning and entreating you to repent and be saved; this book which you now hold in your hand, speaks to you of happiness and the way to secure it. Will you put this book aside? Will you refuse to consider the solemn warnings herein given? Let me beseech you now to think, now to repent and decide for Christ, and prepare daily for the enjoyment of the heavenly world. I speak, young men, to you, because you are strong—the Church and the World are looking to you. From you, as an intelligent virtuous community, they demand grand and glorious conquests; prepare early for admission into the Paradise of God.

Our cradle is the starting place,
In life we run the onward race
And reach the goal.
When in the mansions of the blest,
Death leaves to its eternal rest
The weary soul.
Did we but use it as we ought,
This world would school each wandering thought
To its high state.
Faith wings the soul beyond the sky
Up to that better world on high,
For which we wait.

An upright and virtuous character is demanded of you by society, and there is no happiness without strict adherence to these requirements. If a young

man is loose in his principles and habits—if he lives without plan and without object, spending his time in idleness and pleasure, there is more hope of a fool than of him; he is sure to become a worthless character and a pernicious member of society; he forgets his high destination as a rational, immortal being—he degrades himself to a level with the brute, and is not only disqualified for all the serious duties of life, but proves himself a curse to all with whom he is connected. No young man can hope to rise in society, or act worthily his part in life, without a fair moral character; the basis of such a character is virtuous principle, or a deep fixed sense of moral obligation, sustained and invigorated by the fear and love of God—the man who possesses such a character can be depended upon. Integrity, truth, benevolence, justice, are not with him words without meaning—he knows and feels their sacred import, and aims in the whole tenor of his life to exemplify the virtues they express; such a man has decision of character—he knows what is right, is firm in doing it; such a man has independence of character—he thinks and acts for himself, and is not to be made a tool of to serve the purposes of party; such a man has consistency of character—he pursues a straightforward course, and what he is to-day you are sure of finding him to-morrow; such a man has true worth of character, and his life is a blessing to himself, to his family, society, and to the world. Aim to attain this character, it imparts life, and strength, and beauty, not only to individual character, but to all the institutions and

interests of society. It is indeed the dew and the rain that nourish the vine and the fig tree, by which we are shaded and refreshed. The qualifications requisite for ensuring happiness are within the power of all. You, dear reader, are not exempt—you can awake to a serious consideration of the duties and responsibilities that are soon to be devolved upon you; you can become intelligent, virtuous, public spirited, and pious; and, adorned with these graces, you will be prepared to fill with honour to yourself and usefulness to society, the various stations to which God in his providence may call you. Strive to attain to honour and distinction through consistency and integrity; resolve to do that which is right and never do that which will make conscience sting like a Serpent and bite like an Adder. Many, through thoughtlessness and indiscretion, suffer throughout life—they destroy their own happiness and that of others. “Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.”—Eccles. xii. 13.

Strive to influence all for good. Your influence is not confined to yourself, or to the scene of your immediate action; it extends to others, and will reach to succeeding ages. Future generations will feel the effects of your principles and your conduct. You are so connected with the immortal beings around you, and with those who are to come after you, that you cannot avoid exerting a most important influence over their character and final condition; and thus, long after you shall be no more, nay, long after the world itself shall be no more, the consequences of your conduct, to

thousands of your fellow-men, will be nothing less than everlasting destruction or eternal life.

While you aim to fulfil the duties which you owe to society, you take the most effectual measures to promote *your own respectability and happiness*. The young man of inconsideration and thoughtlessness, of gaiety and fashion, may shine and sparkle for a little moment; and, during that moment, he may be the admiration, and perhaps envy, of persons as vain and thoughtless as himself: but he soon passes the season of gaiety and mirth, and what is he then? a worthless, neglected cypher in society. His present course of life has no reference to the scenes and duties of riper years. His youth is entirely disconnected from his manhood: it is a portion of his existence which he throws away, and, perhaps, worse than throws away, because he contracts habits which unfit him for sober life, and cleave to him as an enfeebling, disgusting disease, all his days.

On the other hand, the young man who seriously considers the nature and design of his being; who shuns the society and flees the amusements of the thoughtless and the vicious; who devotes his vacant hours to the improvement of his mind and heart, and aims at the acquisition of those habits and virtues which may qualify him for the duties of life,—such a young man cannot fail to rise in respectability, in influence and honour. His virtues and attainments make room for him in society, and draw around him the confidence and respect, the affection and support, of all worthy and good men. The pursuits of his youth

bear directly on the enjoyments and usefulness of his manhood. There is no waste of his existence; no contraction of bad habits to obscure the meridian or darken the decline of life. The course upon which he enters, like the path of the just, shines brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. This motive you cannot duly consider without feeling its constraining influence. You are all in the pursuit of happiness; you all desire the esteem and respect of your fellow-men. Here is the way, and the only way, to attain it. An enlightened mind, a virtuous character, a useful life;—these are the dignity and the glory of man. They make him lovely in the sight of Angels and God; and secure for him present peace and everlasting happiness.

Consider how pleasant will be the *retrospect of past life*, if you faithfully serve God and your generation according to his will. It is but a little time before you will be looking upon a generation rising up to take your place, just as the fathers are now looking upon you. You will soon pass the meridian of life, and be going down its decline to the invisible world. Consider that time as come, as present. Think of yourself as retiring from the scene of action; your head, whitened with the snows of age, and your limbs stiffened with the frosts of winter. Oh how cheerful to be able now to look back upon a life of beneficent and useful action—a life spent in the service of God, and for the good of mankind! How pleasant and consoling to reflect that you have done your duty as a member of society, and have sustained

honourably the great interests that were committed to you! How animating, too, the prospect before you—how glorious the anticipations of the future! All the great interests of society safe—all its institutions secure and flourishing—a generation rising up under the influence of your example and training, intelligent, virtuous, enterprising—prepared to fill your place, and carry on the system of human affairs. To them you commend all that you hold most dear on earth—the high interests of the church and society—happy in the assurance that they will sustain the sacred trust, and transmit the precious inheritance entire to those who shall come after them. To a mind gladdened with such reflections and prospects, how bright and benignant shines the sun of declining life! The shades of evening gather around him in peace: he reposes in joyful hope, and all his powers are invigorated and cheered by the delightful visions that burst upon his view.

In every future emergency of life, be prompted by the warm impulse of duty, and then you will raise to Heaven the expressive prayer,—

“Father of light and life! Thou good Supreme!
O, teach me what is good! Teach me Thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice—
From every low pursuit, and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!”

“Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.” Those persons are the happiest who work the most for Christ, those who pray the most for themselves and others. If you, dear reader, would increase your joy, be more earnest and devout in prayer, let your supplications be

frequent and sincere; if you know of any relative or friend who is indifferent about salvation, ask God to work by his spirit conviction and conversion: it may be a long time before a change is perceptible—the answer to your prayers may be long delayed, still, rest assured that it will come sooner or later; let your prayers be prayers of faith and the prodigal shall be converted through your instrumentality. I have read of some most remarkable answers to prayers which have been offered by some ministers, on behalf of the vilest of the vile; these instances should encourage us all to “pray without ceasing.” The late Rev. J—— C——, of M——, when writing about the singular conversion of a profligate young man, says, “W—— S—— in his youth, had regularly attended my ministry; but left his parents, and enlisted for a soldier.

“He returned home burdened with a mortal disease, and accumulated guilt. He sent for me; but my visits were apparently lost on him. At length he told me, that not any thing that I had said to him in conversation, nor my prayers to God for him, made the least impression on his mind. He had sinned with a high hand against convictions and advantages, and sunk into gloomy despair. Never did I feel the importance of prayer for others more deeply. This poor distressed creature said his heart was as hard and as cold as a stone;—not with regard to his disease, his death, and future misery—but he could not feel his *sin*,—nor any disposition to look to *Christ* for salvation—not the least inclination to pray for

mercy. It was too *late*,—he had sinned away his day of grace,—he was left to reflect, that ‘he had destroyed himself.’ I pleaded the promise of God—‘I will take away the heart of stone, and give a heart of flesh; but for this I will be INQUIRED of by the house of Israel, to do it for them.’

“I perceived it was the prerogative of God to work this change; and that prayer was the ordained means of obtaining it. He could not pray for himself; but ‘the house of Israel,’ the church of God could pray for it. ‘Send for the elders of the church; and they shall pray for him.’ I prayed in faith in the power and mercy of God,—and as an act of obedience to his command. It was ‘the obedience of faith.’ I requested the church to pray for him, believing that ‘the inward fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.’

“One morning he sent for me, and informed me that he had no sleep the preceding night. ‘God held his eyes waking;’ and ‘POURED upon him the spirit of grace and supplication.’ His heart was melted into godly sorrow for sin,—he ‘confessed his transgressions to the Lord,’—cried, ‘God be merciful to me a sinner.’ He trusted in, and pleaded the sufferings and death of the Redeemer. God heard his prayer, gave him power to believe in Christ for pardon, holiness, strength, and comfort; and to his dying hour, this was his language:—‘O Lord I will praise thee: for though thou wast angry with me; thine anger is *turned away*, and thou comfortest me. Behold!

God is my salvation, I will trust, and not be afraid, for the Lord is my strength and my song; and is become my salvation.'

"What shall I say to these things?"—I will take fresh courage in prayer,—I will never despair of the salvation of any sinner, on this side of hell—I will *use means and trust in the promises of God*,—I will adore the grace, that honours such an unworthy instrument. I will preach 'the unsearchable riches of Christ,' and the sovereignty, freeness, fulness, extent, and efficacy of that grace which brings salvation. I will go to 'the house of mourning;' and mourn over, and pray for poor suffering sinners, dead in sin,—hoping, that 'the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God,' by my feeble voice; and live!'"

"A brand plucked out of the fire!' once more, Hallelujah!'"

Happy the thought, that life can be made pleasant and joyous by attending to and keeping the commandments of God; by loving Jesus supremely; and bearing with submission and resignation, all trials, disappointments, and sorrows. Life may be made happy if you are now exercised by sore trials, if you are passing through the deep waters of affliction; if death has torn from your side the "desire of your eyes," mourn not, you will ere long be re-united, you will meet to part no more, if you give yourself to Christ and become his willing and obedient servant. It may be you have lost the dear little one you so often fondled, and of whom you became more doatingly fond day by day; if so, manifest a spirit

of resignation, do not rebel against your Creator's will; his will is right, and you must endeavour to acquiesce in it and then all will be well. Let these thoughts cheer you, that your dear little one is delivered from a world of sin and wickedness—that he is perfect and spotless before the throne of God—that he is safe for ever. These are indeed “Happy thoughts for life's journey.” It may be that neither of the pictures just presented to your view bear any striking analogy to your case, circumstances, and position; your sorrow may arise from another source; you are possibly called to mourn over the departed friend on whom you had lavished your choicest gifts and bestowed your tenderest sympathies and kindness—in whom you had centred your most genuine and strongest affections with the joyous expectation that sooner or later she would become your loving companion, faithful friend, and wise counsellor through life. If this is your sorrow, look beyond the creature to the Creator—beyond death and the grave to life and immortality—beyond the dark, dreary winter night of sorrow, to the bright, the joyous, and glorious resurrection morn, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God and live—when the slumbering dust shall rise—when “this mortal shall put on immortality”—when the shroud shall be exchanged for the white robe of righteousness, and the pale cheek flushed with immortal vigour and bloom—when you will meet again and dwell for ever in the mansion above—when you will join the dear one that has been torn from your side, and sing the new song, and praise for ever

the lamb that was slain. Dry up those tears, for "she is not dead but sleepeth." Take your cares to the throne of the heavenly grace, and God, who is rich in mercy, will sanctify your trial and grant you abundant grace to be resigned to his holy will. You may find it difficult thus to submit at first, still you must strive, and if you do you will conquer at last. Take these "Happy thoughts for life's journey" with you; meditate upon them, and whenever and however tried, listen to their gentle tones of love—they direct you to the true source of comfort. "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Look up, look above, and as you see your Saviour's look and smile of pity, and of love, you will rejoice with exceeding great joy.

If you reflect upon the love of Christ as displayed in his life and death, you will consider your afflictions and trials very light, and endure all with christian fortitude for his sake. His love towards you is beyond comprehension; his love should sweeten bitter things, make your labours pleasant, and even your sufferings delightful. How heavy is that yoke which is imposed by an ungrateful hand? The soldier prest to the service can hardly bear his arms; but he that is enrolled by love, thinks them light and bears them with pleasure. The slave that works in the mines counts his very life a burden; the niggard, that works much harder, likes well his drudgery, because the love of riches is his taskmaster. He that serves his master out of fear works faintly and with a heavy heart; he that serves him out of

love, doth it diligently and yet with cheerfulness. The Christian Pilgrim who is driven Heaven-ward with fears and terrors, goes on with much reluctance and a sorrowful heart; he that is *drawn with the cords of love*, follows with joyfulness, minds not the ruggedness of his way, and even rejoices in his weariness, because it brings him nearer and nearer to his beloved; he that could say, *the love of Christ constraineth us* could say, also, *we rejoice in tribulations*. 'Twas the love of Jesus made Primitive Christians work hard and suffer much, with comfort and unspeakable joy; and 'tis for want of that sweet and divine love that Christians now find sorrow and great difficulty in that little they do or suffer for Jesus. The labours of love are ever pleasant, nothing is hard that love binds upon us.

Such considerations and soliloquies as these will produce not only *lacrymas doloris*, tears of grief, but also *lacrymas amoris*, tears of love and true contrition; and moreover will make pleasant all the severities of repentance, which are so unacceptable and so repugnant to nature. Those things that would be ungrateful, as acts of justice on ourselves, or obedience and submission to a severe master, will become delightful as acts of love to a gracious beloved Lord. *In amore nihil amari*, in love all things are sweet that are done or suffered, for the sake of the beloved. *I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake*, saith S. Paul, II. Cor. xii. 10., that great lover of Jesus; not that those things are of their own

nature pleasant, whether inflicted by ourselves or others; 'twas *for Christ's sake* that he liked them. He likewise that by self-denial and revenge on himself, expressing his sorrow for his sins, shews his love to Jesus, is certainly delighted with the most afflictive of those voluntary sufferings, as they are expressions of his love. Accordingly 'tis said of some religious persons, that their watchings and fastings, and all the severities to which they had tied themselves as exercises of true repentance, became in process of time so pleasant to them by the devoutness of their affections, that they were afraid of having their Paradise here in this world, and consulted their Spiritual guide about it. And certainly nothing but love could carry the primitive *Solitaries* and *Cœnobites* through that uneasiness and hardship they willingly undertook, and endured many years, and rejoiced in, and would not have exchanged for all the pleasures in the world; they being persuaded that thereby they recovered and secured the favour of Jesus whom they loved, and whose love they esteemed more than all worldly enjoyments.

Perhaps it will be said by some, that such things are the effect of melancholy, or a forward and misguided zeal, not of true piety. But let it be considered, that natural love itself has done, and still does wonderful things. The love of friendship, the love of lust, the love of riches and ambition, have set men upon difficult attempts, have made them despise great dangers, have carried them through many labours and sufferings, and perhaps as great as the most mortified Christian

ever undertook for Jesus and eternity. This has been and is still the effect of natural love; and sure divine love, whose object is so infinitely more excellent, may do at least as much.

Besides, things temporal seem great at a distance; but near at hand, they appear as they are indeed, mean and contemptible: whereas contrarywise, things eternal, as they seem small and despicable afar off, so near at hand they appear great and immense, they overwhelm the mind. Hence it is, that dying men who are on the brink of eternity, are amazed at the thoughts and near prospect of it, and express great regret for their past inconsideration, and promise great things for the future, if they might live longer; looking upon the world as an empty nothing, not to be regarded where eternity appears; and hence it is also, that they who approach things eternal, and view them by meditation and contemplation are of the same mind, have the same apprehensions of them, and act accordingly, doing those things which dying men repent they have not done. For indeed, it is no illusion or deceit, but a great and real truth, that the world and all its concerns are nothing, compared to eternity; and that we can never be too careful to obtain eternal joys, and avoid eternal sorrows.

How much the blessed Apostles and Primitive Christians were acted by this consideration. *S. Paul* gives us to understand, saying, that whilst they looked not on things visible and transitory, but on things invisible and eternal, then their afflictions were *light and but for a moment*, II. Cor. iv. 16, &c.,

though they lasted many years, and were so great, that the very thoughts of them can make us tremble, yet they were light and momentary, whilst they looked on eternity; and *they fainted not, though their outward man decayed daily*, by their great mortifications, and their laborious zeal to serve God; and all this, *whilst we look not on the things that are seen, but on the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.* So that it is the effect of a wise and most rational consideration, to value and love him above all things, who by dying for us hath rescued us from eternal ruin, and obtained eternal happiness for us.

Reader, pause for a moment and ask yourself these questions—am I in possession of all the spiritual blessings which I might be? Do I know and feel the power and influence of prayer? If, after thus examining yourself, you find you fall short of the enjoyment of many blessings through neglect of the divinely-appointed means to secure all joy here and happiness hereafter, draw nearer to the throne of the heavenly grace, and wrestle with him who hast said, “I will pour out upon them the spirit of grace and supplication, and they shall look on him whom they have pierced, and mourn.” The spirit of prayer and the blessing of God have ever stood abreast and gone hand-in-hand in his government of the world. “For all these things I will be enquired of by the house of Israel” says he, “to do it for them.” If you have been prayerless, be so no longer. A prayerless man is an unblest man—a prayerless church is

languid and unblest. Those portions of God's heritage which have been most distinguished for the spirit of prayer, have known most of the power and presence of God, and been most distinguished for the effusions of his spirit. Whenever he is about to do great things for his people, he rouses them from their lukewarmness and stirs them up to prayer. There is no surer criterion by which to judge if God is about to do great things for them, than an usual spirit of prayer. It was so in the days of the Old Testament dispensation and it is so under the New—it was so on the day of Pentecost, and it will be so when the scattered families of that same people are gathered in. God has pledged his faithfulness as the hearer of prayer, both to his Lord and his people; there is, therefore, every encouragement for you to ask for all that you require; you never need fear that you will ask too much—his resources are boundless, his riches are unsearchable. You are poor, he is rich in grace and glory; come to him now, without delay approach him and he will adorn you with royal robes—he will make you a King and a Priest for ever.

WELCOME, welcome! Sinner, hear!
Hang not back thro' shame or fear;
Doubt not, nor distrust the call:
Mercy is proclaimed to all.

Welcome to the offered peace:
Welcome, prisoner, to release.
Burst thy bonds; be saved; be free;
Rise and come; He calleth thee.

Welcome, weeping penitent!
Grace has made thy heart relent;
Welcome, long-estranged child!
God in Christ is reconciled.

When and Where to be Happy.

Now is the time to ensure happiness; the golden opportunity you may embrace and improve to-day, but if suffered to pass by unheeded, it may be lost for ever; you may presume upon God's mercy too much; you may say to-morrow I will seek pardon and forgiveness, to-morrow I will seek salvation, deliverance from sin and Satan, and freedom for ever. O beware! trifle not with an offended God, lest the vial of his righteous indignation be poured out upon you without measure.

To-day the Gospel Trump is heard,
It sounds a message from the word;
Repent at once! and saved be
From sin, from every evil flee.

"Behold, now is the accepted time! behold, now is the day of salvation." Reader, mark these words, and remember they are addressed to you individually; not merely as one of the human race, but as a single person—think upon them, therefore, as though you were the only being living, and while thus meditating ask that you may have wisdom from above, to seek and secure the interest of your never dying soul in the accepted time. "The hour is coming, and now is when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of

God: and they that hear shall live.”—John v. 25. Happy will it be for you if you have listened to the invitations of the gospel, if you have taken warning and fled for refuge to the hope set before you in the gospel. The sound of the Archangel’s Trump will give you joy rather than sorrow. The song of the redeemed will be your song and will incite you to immortal praise, and as you return to Zion, it will be with everlasting joy upon your head. “Remember now thy creator in the days of thy youth.”—Eccles. xii. 1. The spring time of life should be the spring time of happiness; in the morning sow the seeds of righteousness, and “at even-tide it shall be light.” Sow the seeds of truth, and you will reap a rich harvest of precious fruits. “They that sow to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption, but they that sow to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting.” Begin life by serving and honouring God; serve him in public and in private, at home and abroad, and then you will overcome at last—you will be made “a Pillar in the Temple of God, and go no more out;” you will dwell in the presence of God and the Lamb throughout the countless ages of eternity; and “The Lamb which is in the midst of the Throne shall feed you, and shall lead you unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from your eyes.” Many difficulties you have contended with, oftentimes you have been bowed down and ready to faint, because of the littleness of faith, but it will be otherwise when you enter the Father’s House above; you may be

saying now "all thy waves and billows are gone over me;" it may be that your trials are heavy to bear, if so "let patience have her perfect work and all will be well in the end." As the metal is more precious after it is taken by the refiner from the furnace, so you will be after you are brought forth from the furnace of affliction. The metal is more precious and shines brighter in the estimation of the refiner after the fiery ordeal through which it has passed; likewise you become more precious and useful in the sight of God and his Church, if your affliction has been sanctified after undergoing the refining process; you are prepared to live and work for God here, and honour, serve, and glorify him hereafter—let it be said for you "to live is Christ and to die is gain."

"Forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments: for length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee. Let not mercy and truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart: so shalt thou find favour and good understanding in the sight of God and man."—Prov. iii. 1, 2, 3, 4. To the young these words are particularly applicable—there is no class of society in whom the wise and benevolent feel such deep interest as the young—the virtue and intelligence of the young are matters of vital importance, they affect a nation's prosperity and success; the Church and the World benefit by a virtuous rising generation to an incalculable amount, and they suffer to the same extent if those who should be the future hope and support of the Church are

otherwise. Scarcely any one trait of the bible is more prominent than its benevolent concern for the youthful generations of men—on them its instructions drop as the rain and distil as the dew. Around their path it pours its purest light and sweetest promises; and, by every motive of kindness and entreaty, of invitation and warning, aims to form them for duty and happiness, for holiness and God. Reader, if you are young, I charge you solemnly to remember the demands society and the Church have upon you; your duty and privilege is to benefit mankind—to serve the Lord—to keep his commandments; and by doing this you will ensure happiness; God will “lift upon you the light of his countenance and give you peace;” you cannot live in the world without exerting some influence upon society, take care that it be a good one; no matter if you are poor and in the humble walks of life, your influence will be felt whatever you are and wherever you go—you will either do good or harm. “No man liveth to himself.” Take heed unto your steps—be a lamp in a dark and sinful world; be a living epistle, known and read of all men. Let your light shine before men; if so your path will be like that of the just, which will shine more and more unto the perfect day. Be sure you sow well in the spring time of life; the seed must be sown in time that would germinate in eternity. A holy life will ensure a peaceful death; if you honour God while living, he will support you when dying; he will lay beneath you the everlasting arms of love and mercy, and bear you safely o’er

the swellings of Jordan; he will give you a triumphant entrance into the mansion above, and cause you to sing with all the ransomed host, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."—Rev. v. 12. You say you wish to be happy now and hereafter, and so you may. The first thing to be done to ensure happiness here and safety hereafter, is to get a clear and well defined knowledge of the proper rules of life; the distinctions of right and wrong in your mind must not be vague and fluctuating, but clearly ascertained and thoroughly settled. Your views of duty must be derived, not from the maxims of a loose morality, but from the word of God, and the dictates of an enlightened and a tender conscience. There must be a keen perception and a lively feeling of obligation—a moral sense that would feel a stain like a wound, and cause you to shrink at the very appearance of evil; lay a good foundation of principles such as will bear the light of truth, and are borne out and suggested by the word of the true and ever-living God. The happiness of all with whom you are or shall be connected in life, is deeply involved in the character you are now forming. Those tender parents who lovingly watched over your infancy and childhood, and who are looking to you as the prop of their declining age—those brothers and sisters, who are allied to you by ties of the tenderest affection—all your relatives and friends—regard with deep and anxious solicitude, the course upon which you are entering, and the habits which are

to stamp the character and fix the destiny of your future life. In no way can you contribute so much to the happiness of all who esteem and love you, as by sustaining a good character; and in no way more deeply rend their hearts with bitter sorrow, than by compelling them to witness the sacrifice of a fair reputation, and all your prospects for life, in vicious and God-dishonouring indulgences. Those dispositions and habits which you now acquire you will be likely to retain through life, and carry with you into another world. They are the dying dress of the soul—the vestments in which it must come forth to meet the sentence of an impartial judge: if filthy, they will be filthy still; if holy, they will be holy still; the character you are now forming is that probably in which you will appear before the judgment seat of God, and by which your condition for eternity is to be decided. Reader, be wise now! cultivate right principles in youth, “acquaint now thyself with God and be at peace,” for “The day of his wrath is coming, and who shall be able to stand?”—Rev. vi. 17. “Hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.”—Eccles. xii. 13.

There are some persons who, through carelessness and imprudence, become so stained with sin in youth, that they always carry about its badge; they may and do repent of their sin, but they never forget it. “Their sin is ever before them.” Some mitigate their own happiness and that of others by studied deception, which shows a want of honour and heaven-born principle; the tone

of morality in such is low, and the whole life becomes stained by dishonourable and unworthy conduct; deceive not in any manner friend or foe, lest you make a rod for your own back, and be "beaten with many stripes." You may escape punishment for a time but not altogether, "He that doeth wrong shall receive for the wrong that he hath done, and God is no respecter of persons;" when about to deceive in any manner and under any circumstance, or to inflict a wound you can never heal, remember that sooner or later "with what measure you mete it shall be measured to you again." Sin and punishment are inseparable, God has said the transgressor shall not go unpunished; "Number therefore, your days, and apply your heart unto wisdom;" whatever you do, whether it relates to the creature or to the Creator, (if you regard your peace of mind at all) let it be done conscientiously, uprightly, without dissimulation, as in the sight of the holy, the just, and the true, who is to be your judge at last, and who will reward every one "according to their works, whether good or whether evil." "Get wisdom, get understanding: forget it not; neither decline from the words of my mouth. Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee: love her, and she shall keep thee. Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding. Exalt her, and she shall promote thee: she shall bring thee to honour, when thou dost embrace her. She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace: a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee. Hear, O my son,

and receive my sayings; and the years of thy life shall be many. Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."—Prov. iv. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 14, 23.

Reader, ask Divine guidance on life's journey; cry mightily to God, that he may direct you into all truth and quicken you by his Spirit, for the hour is coming, and now is, when those who hear the voice of the Son of God shall live. The hours of the natural day are passing; and so are the hours of the gospel day. The conjunction of the word and Spirit of Christ makes up that blessed hour, that happy season of salvation, the time of love, and the time of life. There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the City of God; this river of the water of life, that proceeds out of the Throne of God and the Lamb—every thing liveth, whithersoever the river cometh.—Ezek. xlvii. 9, 10. Therefore, cry for the promised spirit—the gracious promised run of that river, "I will pour waters upon the thirsty and floods upon the dry ground."—Isa. xlv. 3. There are special seasons of grace; times when God reveals himself more fully to the view of his children—he then becomes unspeakably precious, his tones of love are sweeter and more melodious than those which have riveted and drawn out the finest feelings and affections upon earth. The voice of "the beloved" is pleasant and fair, "His mouth is most sweet: yea, he is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, and this is my friend."—Song Sol., v. 16. A friend such as Jesus is a friend

indeed; he can and will make you happy if you "cleave unto him with full purpose of heart;" he is constant, he is faithful, his word is his bond. How different with the professions of the world—its affections are ever fluctuating, its promises of fidelity and constancy are as rotten and offensive as the core of sin, and as black as the bottomless pit with cruelty and studied deception. Place much dependence on Christ and little on the world, and he will cheer you under all your trials and difficulties; he will make you victorious over all your foes; he will sustain you at all times, and give you such assurance that you will exclaim, when surrounded by your enemies, "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"—Psa. xxvii. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. His name will be "Honey in your mouth, music in your ears, and a jubilee in your heart." You will feel sometimes and may now be saying,

No voice but thine can give me rest,
 And bid my fears depart:
 No love but thine can make me blest,
 And satisfy my heart.
 The help of men and Angels joined
 Could never reach my case;
 Nor can I hope relief to find,
 But in thy boundless grace.

Christ utters his all-mighty voice in the word more loudly at certain times than others; he speaks to you in youth, when deeply convinced, in language like this, "Come unto me and I will give you rest." "I will love you freely, for mine anger is turned away." "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." "I am come to

give life, and to give it more abundantly." Now is the hour that requires his powerful life-giving presence; now when iniquity and vice are abounding; now when the bottomless pit is opening, and the sun and the air are darkened with the smoke of the pit; now when the archers of envy are shooting their arrows at the faithful disciples of the Cross of Christ; now when reproaches and bitter calumnies are spreading, and foes crying—where is your God? Now, when in this generation, it is just the hour and power of darkness—the hour and power of death, shall we expect a reviving? That hour is the hour wherein "the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God and live." Now is the time for you to live in Christ, to become a "living branch in him the living vine," if you wish to be happy in time, and happy when time shall be no more: the world and your companions will hate and persecute you, for renouncing them and choosing Christ and his people for your portion. Heed them not: you can afford to be decided since you have fellowship with the King, his broad seal of approbation and adoption on your brow, and Heaven your home when life's short work is done. Wrestle mightily in prayer at the throne of grace until you can say

Let the world despise and leave me :
They have left my Saviour too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me—
Show thy face and all is bright.

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
 Come, disaster, scorn, and pain :
 In thy service, pain is pleasure ;
 With thy favour, loss is gain.
 Man may trouble and distress me :
 'Twill but drive me to thy breast.
 Life with trials hard may press me ;
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
 Soul, then, know thy full salvation ;
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care.
 Joy to find in every station,
 Something still to do or bear.
 Think what spirit dwells within thee ;
 Think what Father's smiles are thine :
 Think that Jesus died to win thee :
 Child of Heaven, canst thou repine ?
 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer ;
 Heaven's eternal days before thee :
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission :
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days :
 Hope shall change to full fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

The seeds of happiness must be sown now, and the harvest will be reaped hereafter; the earlier in life, therefore, that you begin to forsake sin, and love and serve the Saviour, the better, the more abundant will be your harvest, and the more glorious your reward. You cannot commence loving the Divine Redeemer too soon; you may think of doing it when it is too late; the present is the most suitable and acceptable time; to-day and not to-morrow—this year and not ten years' hence—in childhood and youth and not in old age and feebleness of body and mind. While the beautiful hue flushes your cheek and your brow is unfurrowed by anxious thought, consecrate yourself to the service of God. Listen not to any one who would have you defer the salvation of your never-dying soul. The world will say to you, stay a little longer in frivolity and sin; your companions

will ridicule you for thinking more seriously than they do; they will say "forsake us not yet," there will come a day when you cannot indulge in excesses, when nature will be too weak to bear them, and that will be soon enough to become serious and think about dying. See all you can—enjoy all the life possible now which the world offers you; soon you will become old, and then you will not care for charms and fascinations; there will be plenty of time yet for you to repent; oh leave us not, for we are jovial—we are merry as we are; and Satan will say, if you are religious you will be gloomy—you will have no pleasure, no free and cheerful society as you now do—you must serve me still—continue to walk in your old paths of sin and you shall have your fill of worldly pleasure, your happiness shall be great. Reader, listen not to the voice of the tempter, the happiness promised is all a delusion, there is no reality in it, it will all end in bitter disappointment and sorrow; you will have no real pleasure in life and no lasting happiness after death; but misery and endless torment, even the blackness of despair, for ever and ever. You cannot flee too soon from Satan's captivity: if you are now in bondage, pray that your fetters may be broken, that Christ's power may be manifested in your deliverance, and that when you are liberated you may be kept and preserved by Divine grace, and at last presented perfect, complete, in him, and without spot before his throne and before his Holy Angels. Begin life with God, fear and honour him, and then you will be unspeakably

happy. "The fear of the Lord prolongeth days : but the years of the wicked shall be shortened." "The hope of the righteous shall be gladness ; but the expectations of the wicked shall perish." "The way of the Lord is strength to the upright ; but destruction shall be to the workers of iniquity." "The righteous shall never be removed ; but the wicked shall not inherit the earth."—Prov. x. 27, 28, 29, 30. "In the way of righteousness is life ; and in the pathway thereof there is no death."—Prov. xii. 28. "The righteous shall be recompensed in the earth, much more the wicked and the sinner."—Prov. xi. 31. Those who pursue a course of conduct opposed to the design and tendency of the gospel, who walk in the way of sin and vice, cannot be happy ; nor can men, though their deportment may be externally moral, who seek their portion in earthly things ; but those who believe the gospel—in whose hearts the truth abides—who live by the faith of the Son of God and are seeking to be conformed to his image day by day, can rejoice and be glad in the Lord. They can sing Immanuel's praises, as their hearts are filled with his love ; and as they wonder and admire his infinite condescension in remembering and saving them, the more they contemplate the glories in reserve for the righteous and the wonderful deliverance wrought for them, the more they praise. The prospect of dwelling with Christ and all his redeemed host, fills the care-worn pilgrim with rapturous joy. Temptation and trials—disappointment and care—tend to make Christ and heaven more precious to the true believer.

You will find, as you tread life's rugged path, your feet will often slide; you will sin at times against light and knowledge, and when restored in penitence to divine favour through the abundant compassion of the ever-merciful Father, you will resolve to love Christ more and see the great importance of keeping close to him, that you may stand in the evil day. Would you be happy? "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness; enter not into the ways of the wicked; forsake the foolish and live." They that walk with the most shall perish with the most; they that do as the most shall ere long suffer as the most; they that live as the most must die with the most, and dwell with them in torments everlasting. If you sin with the multitude, all the Angels in Heaven cannot keep you from suffering with the multitude; if you persist in sinning you must be excluded from Heaven and shut up in Hell, with all the rebellious sons of Adam. "And I heard a voice from Heaven saying, come out from her my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues." Come out in affection, in action, and in habitation; if you do not, the infections of sin will bring upon you the infliction of punishment. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise, but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

If Satan presents very strong inducements to sin, turn a deaf ear to his suggestions, or you will destroy your peace and happiness—let this consideration keep you in the way of life. Sin must be visited with the rod of correction—it is

according to the Divine decree. If you observe these things and act in accordance to the Divine will, your peace and happiness will be secured; the most heavenly themes will be your delight; no converse will fill you with so much joy as that of the righteous, no society will compare with theirs in your estimation, you will love it on Earth and long to enjoy it more perfectly in Heaven.

The Father's house above; the song of the Redeemed, and the shout of the jubilant host, will be your ambition; to meet in glory those you have loved in the flesh and dwell with them in the presence of the Divine Redeemer, should stimulate you and cause you to be faithful and watchful to the end; those who live nearest to God, who have most of his love in their hearts, and are daily preparing for glory everlasting, exclaim when filled with joy at the prospect before them—

Oh talk to me of Heaven,—I love
To hear about my home above;
For there doth many a loved one dwell,
In light and joy ineffable.
Oh tell me how they shine and sing,
While every harp rings echoing;
While every glad and tearless eye
Beams like the bright sun gloriously.
Tell me of that celestial calm
Each face in glory weareth,
Tell me of that victorious palm
Each hand in glory beareth.
Oh happy, happy country, where
There enters not a sin,
And death, who keeps the portals fair,
May never once come in;
No grief can change their day to night,
The darkness of that land is light;
Sorrow and sighing God has sent
Far thence to endless banishment;
And never more may one dark tear
Bedim their burning eyes,

For every one they shed while here,
 In fearful agonies,
 Glitters a bright and dazzling gem
 In their immortal diadem.
 O lovely blooming country, there
 Flourishes all that we deem fair;
 For though no fields nor forests green,
 Nor bowery gardens there are seen,
 Nor hears the ear material sound,
 Yet joys at God's right hand are found,
 The archetypes of these.
 This is the home, the land of birth
 Of all we dearest prize on earth;
 The storms that rack the world beneath
 Shall there for ever cease,
 The only air the blessed breathe
 Is purity and peace.
 Oh may heaven's gate unclose to me,
 Oh may I too its glories see,
 And my faint, fighting spirit stand
 Within that happy, happy land.

If you wish to be happy in life, read your bible often, and read it impartially. The bible is seldom read impartially; too often very carelessly. It is too common for christians to read no more to their families, than one long or two short chapters a-day. And, crowding family duty into a corner of the day, they, tired and heavy, snatch up the bible, and read, very frequently, a *short psalm*. The psalms are a most delightful part of the sacred scriptures; but then, they are but a *part*: and even that part is not read from affection, but *conveniency*, at such seasons. But what is still worse, a great number of christians read no more of their bible, than what they thus read to their families. They read but little; that little hastily, and in form, and have no time to read a chapter in *solitude*, with thought, prayer, and self-application.

But the bible should be read the more attentively, and the more frequently, on account of its *size*.

If it contained an answer to all the *subtle* questions, which the pride and curiosity of many have started, it must have consisted of many folio volumes! But the inconsistency of such persons, in requiring an answer to many uninteresting questions, appears in these two things: first, their questions relate to what is more nice than just; to what, if answered, might amuse for a moment, but *could not* profit. If the questions proposed, related to the security, the honour, the interest, and happiness of one soul, they would challenge our notice, and to appearance, impeach the Bible of imperfection: but they are frivolous and foolish: an answer to them would *injure* the reader, by diverting his thoughts from better things. Indeed, if many had their wishes in finding such answers to such questions as would satisfy their enquiries, they would instantly object to the Bible on that ground, and exclaim, surely! a book divine in its original, never could contain such trifles! What are these things to the eternal interest of man! And their inconsistency appears equally evident in this, that while they complain of the Bible information being so contracted, most of them never read the *whole* of it in their lives! and some of them never read one-half of it! Blush! blush! Infidel. Out of thine own mouth art thou condemned. *Infidel*, did I say? Blush *christians* also; scores, hundreds, thousands of you never have read the Bible through, even *ONCE* in the long profession you have made.

This precious book contains *general* rules, to be applied to particular cases: but this proves the necessity of an attentive reading. Every christian's life produces more cases than his Bible rules.

“When God seeks his own glory, he does not so much endeavour any thing without himself. He did not bring this stately fabric of the universe into being that he might, for such a monument of his mighty power and beneficence, gain some panegyrics or applause from a little of that fading breath which he had made. Neither was that gracious contrivance of restoring lapsed men to himself, a plot to get himself some eternal hallelujahs; as if he had so ardently thirsted after the lays of glorified spirits, or desired a choir of souls to sing forth his praises. Neither was it to let the world see how magnificent he was. No, it is his own internal glory that he most loves, and the communication thereof which he seeks.”

“It was a good maxim of Plato, which is better stated by St. James; ‘God giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not.’ And by that glory of his which he loves to impart to his creatures, I understand those stamps and impressions of wisdom, justice, patience, mercy, love, peace, joy, and other divine gifts, which he bestows freely upon the minds of men. And thus God triumphs in his own glory, and takes pleasure in the communication of it. As God’s seeking his own glory, in respect of us, is most properly the flowing forth of his goodness upon us; so our seeking the glory of God is most properly our endeavouring a participation of his goodness, and an earnest incessant pursuing after divine perfection.”

When God becomes so great in our eyes, and all created things so little, that we reckon upon nothing as worthy of our aims or ambitions, but a

serious participation of the divine nature, and the exercise of the divine virtues, love, joy, peace, long suffering, kindness, goodness, and the like: when the soul, beholding the infinite beauty and loveliness of the divinity, and then looking down and beholding all created perfection mantled over with darkness, is ravished into love and admiration of that never-setting brightness, and endeavours after the greatest resemblance of God, in justice, love and goodness, when conversing with him, by a secret feeling of the virtue, sweetness, and power of his goodness, we endeavour to assimilate ourselves to them; then we may be said to glorify him indeed. The more we read God's holy word, the more we glorify him. The bible is small, but it is very comprehensive, and it is pre-eminently the book above all others in this desirable respect. Messrs. Baxter and Perkins have written large volumes on cases of conscience; but who can read them?—very few; and of those few, who can remember them?—fewer still. The Bible contains enough; but it is not enough *known*; if it were, it would be found “sufficient THOROUGHLY to furnish the man of God, for EVERY good word and work.” Wonder not that christians are at a stand in their voyage towards heaven; it is not for want of a *compass*, but because they are too little attentive to, and acquainted with, it. What avails a map of the county, however excellent, if unknown? What signify the plainest directions of a traveller, if he puts them in his pocket, and reads them not?

The Bible contains the THOUGHTS OF GOD, upon every thing necessary for man to know in this

world. Is it not surprising then, that christians, should thirst for every new book of human composition, and ungratefully neglect God's thoughts and words? Is not this a mortifying proof of a disposition to creature dependence? And is it not probable that we shall find them "broken cisterns," if we thus slight the *fountain*? What are the *consequences* of this disposition? The anxious mind is generally disappointed,—the Bible remains a dark book,—the soul obtains little information, confirmation, or comfort. Besides, the Bible containing the thoughts of God, the ideas of an *infinite* mind! how can we expect to understand them, by a slight reading? What pride to think so! What self-sufficiency in leaning to our own understanding! "God's thoughts are very deep." **And** are our minds so full of light, so strong, so holy, that a mere *sight* of the word of God, is sufficient for us? Rather let the darkness of our limited and erring souls, render us more attentive to them.

The **CONTENTS** of the Bible are the most interesting, the most instructive, and the most cheering of any other single book, or all other books in the world. If another book has any divine truth in it, the Bible was the *source* of it. Indeed the very *name* it bears, imports as much, viz. the *Bible*, that is, *the Book*. The Book by eminence! The Book of books. The Book of God! The only book that gives *infallible* instruction to man, relative to the works of creation, providence, and redemption.

It appears disrespectful to the Bible, to read it, a verse here and a chapter there, without reading it through, at any time. Let the christian always read some part of the Bible, in *order*, every day; and when he has read the whole of it, begin it again, and so on until he dies. While he pursues *this* method, he will not live ignorant of a part of it, as if God had given him superfluous information. If this method is attended to, he may read any chapter, or part of it, or any book of scripture, as often as he will, besides his *regular* course. For every part of sacred scripture is not of equal importance; and some part is more suitable to the experience, condition, and trials of a christian, than another. This should be attended to with care; and by attending to the first rule, that is, by reading the Bible regularly through, he will be better *acquainted* with its various parts, and in a time of trial, will instantly have recourse to them.

Many Christians never read their Bible through, because, not reading it regularly, they know not which part they read last, or have read most. There are in the Old Testament 929 chapters, and in the New Testament 260 chapters, in all 1189 chapters in the Book of God. If a Christian reads three chapters a day, he reads the whole Bible in a year, except 94 chapters, which may very pleasantly be read on Sabbath days, in order, so as to read the Bible through regularly once a-year; besides reading particular parts as they suit the state of the reader's mind. Surely, it behoves Christians to read the whole of God's mind. Especially since "all Scripture was given by inspiration of

God, and is profitable unto doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God might be perfect, thoroughly furnished for every good work." If *all* of it is divinely inspired,—if all of it is *profitable*,—who am I,—who are you, to slight a part of God's mind, as if you could do without it? This is one way of taking from the words of His book; count the cost of such a conduct, christian, if you are able. If you are slighting some part of God's mind, be assured, a dying bed will alter your views and feelings.

And what objections can a christian have to *regularity*, in reading God's word? Will he say, this is very *formal* work? What! is *order* formality, which your mind abhors? What! is spirituality confined to a confused manner of thinking, reading, and praying? I think those are guilty of mere formality in reading the Scriptures, who read them most negligently, and most rarely. Christian, you have no objection to order in your business, your meals, and your rest; and are you the less rich and prosperous, or healthy? And are the concerns of *eternity* alone, the things which may, nay must be attended to without method?

But do not mistake me; I do not mean to substitute this in the place of Christ, nor of any other duty. No; beware lest *you* be found at this work, in the spirit of a poor woman who, on her dying bed, uttered these words, "Well, I thank God I have read the Bible through, now I shall be saved." Blind soul! She had read but "understood not." There are others who read and

understand, but rest in the reading and knowledge of the Bible; and being able to quote Scripture on every occasion, they excite the admiration of fools, which swells them with mere conceit of the safety of their state, while they set up for critics upon all persons and performers but themselves, and their own actions. When I hear such persons quoting verses of Scripture, from Genesis to Revelations, I hear "parables in the mouth of fools." My mind is disgusted, and I exclaim with Solomon, "Excellent speech *becometh* not a fool." I am ready to imagine I hear the devil quoting Scripture again, and to suspect the *design*. Who can bear to hear a person under the reign of pride, pompously repeating God's words, when, perhaps, malice and covetousness are rooted in his heart, over-reaching manifest in his dealings, and a disposition to promote his own dominion over the consciences and conduct of others, is his ultimate end in reading and repeating the Scriptures?

The neglect of a constant attention to the Bible is attended with many serious evils to the Christian. It prevents his *growth in faith*. What is he to believe? The word of God. How can this be, if he does not read it? It is the "word of faith," and faith must *live* upon its testimonies. If a man is negligent of his Bible, he is either weak in faith, or strong in presumption. Often the former; he is not settled, having no *particular* warrant for his faith at hand. He doubts, and wavers. Many things, of which he might be certain, he is not able to prove, however important. They *may* be true, and he hopes they are, but is not *sure*. He

has not scriptural evidence at hand to *determine* his mind. It also affects a man's COMFORT greatly. In relation to *doctrines*, he takes certain things for divine truths: but, perhaps, cannot *prove* them. And if an advocate of error should *deny* the truth of what he believes, advance things *opposite* to them, and bring a few scriptures, as *apparent proofs* of his errors; this negligent Christian would find his mind unsettled, uncertain, and unhappy. Satan would seize the opportunity of confirming his errors, and weakening his faith in the truth. His mind, not being "girt about with truth," lies open to the assaults of bad men and angels. Whereas, if he were "mighty in the scriptures," he could establish the truth, when denied, and confute an error when asserted for truth. He would "take fast hold of instruction, nor let it go; but keep it as his life." Such a conduct leaves a Christian low in comfort, and frequently perplexed with the PROVIDENCE of God. Some of God's actions seem against him, in which he would take comfort, if those scriptures were at hand, which *explain* the very Providence he stumbles at. God's *action* seems to contradict his *word*, because the action is seen, but the word of God which explains it is *not seen*. In relation to the Christian's EXPERIENCE, his comfort is affected by his ignorance of the Bible. He would not so often be foiled by Satan, nor discouraged by his *internal* conflicts, if he were better acquainted with the Bible, which is "a history in miniature of the heart of man." He would there find that his experience was not scriptural, but that it accorded

with the word of God and the experience of the saints of God. Much perplexity about his conduct also would be avoided. The Christian meets with many trying cases in life. He knows not which course to take. If he walks with doubt of being right, he is committing sin and sowing misery. Perhaps many portions of God's word would ease and determine his mind if he knew where to find them, but through a neglect of this book he has no "light to his feet nor lamp to his paths."

The more God's word is read, the more light and knowledge increase. There are some persons who would, if possible, prohibit the reading of the bible; the following is one striking illustration of this fact. A short time since, a Romish Priest of the county of Kerry, in Ireland, received information that a member of his congregation, a milkman, was in the habit of frequently reading the scriptures, and the reverend confessor, well knowing that such a practice would place "the craft in danger," lost no time in paying a pastoral visit to the poor ignorant and misguided delinquent. On arriving at the humble cabin, he found poor Pat employed in his domestic affairs, and thus addressed him:—"Why, my good fellow, I am informed that you are in the habit of reading the bible; is my information correct?" "Sure it is throe, plase your riverance! and a fine book it is." "But you know," rejoined the priest, "that it is very wrong to read the scriptures. An ignorant man like you has no right to do so." "Oh!" replied Pat, "but you must be after provin that

same before I can consint to lave it off." The colloquy then proceeds as follows:—Priest: "That I will soon do." Pat: "Sure, if your riverance does that, I'll read no more, and give it up to you." Priest: "I will, from the book itself, convince you that you have no business to read it." The priest immediately took up the bible and read to Pat from 1st Peter, ii., 2, "As new born babes desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby." "Here, you see, said the priest, "you are wrong to read the scriptures yourself; you are only a babe, and you are enjoined to desire the sincere milk of the word. One who understands what the sincere milk really is, must give it you, and tend you." Pat listened to the priest's authoritative address, but in no way at a loss to reply to what might have puzzled wiser heads, said, "Ah! but be aisy, your riverance, while I tell you. A short time ago I was took ill; I got a man to milk my cows and attend to my business, and what do you think he did? Why, astid ov givin me the raal milk, he chated me by puttin wather into it; and if you get my bible you may serve me that same. No, no, I will keep my cow and milk it myself, when I shall get the sincere milk, and not as I should from you, mixed with wather." The priest, finding himself thus defeated, and desirous that the mischief should spread no farther, said, in a conciliatory tone, "Well, Pat, I see you are a little wiser than I thought you; but, as you are not quite a babe, you may keep your bible, but don't lend it, or read it to your neighbours." Pat, eyeing his admonitor

very cunningly, but seriously, replied, "Sure enough, your riverance, while I have a cow, and can give a little milk to my poor neighbours who have none, it is my duty to do as a christian; and, saving your riverance, I will." The priest, abashed, walked off immediately, doubtless convinced, to a considerable extent, that the circulation of the pure word of God must ultimately destroy the superstitious and soul-enslaving fabric of Popery. Reader, never allow any one to stand between you and your bible; do not rest satisfied with others' opinions upon those subjects in which your happiness here and hereafter are involved. There is only one right testing point—there is only one true standard, and that is God's word: bring everything "to the law and to the testimony." If it bear the light of truth, receive it; if not, reject it in toto. Let this be your language, "Thy testimonies have I taken as an heritage for ever, for they are the rejoicing of my heart. I have inclined mine heart to perform thy statutes alway, even unto the end."

"Having loved his own, which were in the world, he loved them unto the end."—John xiii., 1. Such was the language of a lovely child in her dying moments; may my confidence and yours, dear reader, be as strong in the Divine Redeemer in our dying hour. L.—K. was the daughter of pious parents, she was a child of many prayers; from infancy good principles were instilled into her mind, and a good example was ever before her. It was a source of great pleasure to her parents to see her take such delight, though so young, in

everything which was good. Her mother shed tears of joy when listening to her song of praise. One evening, when standing by her mother, she asked her if Jesus died to save her, and if she could live with him in heaven. "Oh, yes," was the reply, "he died to save the chief of sinners; he has saved thousands of little children, and he will save you; if you pray to him you may live with him in heaven for ever." "Oh! how joyful that will be to live with Jesus for ever; I will ask him to love and to save me though I am so sinful. I have been reading some verses this afternoon, which encourage me to hope he will love me if I ask him. One of them is this:—

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim, through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven!
Feed me till I want no more.

"I have read that Jesus was very kind to little children when on earth; I think he will be kinder to them when in heaven. I do hope I shall see him there; I often think I shall, if I try to love and serve him. My hymn-book says—

There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin:
There, from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.

"I have heard my teacher talk about some children being so very happy; I wish I could be like them. Sometimes I feel very happy, and then I do something wrong and feel very miserable. I will ask Jesus to forgive me all my sins. I have read that his love is very great. I think he loves me, or he would not have died to save me from

misery and endless torment." A few days after this conversation with her mother, she was laid upon the bed of sickness and death; during the whole of her sufferings she manifested the greatest resignation. One evening, when her pains were so great, her mother stood by her side and the tears rolled down her cheeks; on seeing this, the dear child exclaimed, "Do not weep for me, I shall soon be free from suffering; I am going to heaven, and there will be no pains there; my suffering is too great to last long; I shall be glad when Jesus takes me away; how happy I shall be in heaven. Mother, will you come soon, and then I shall be more happy still. I know Jesus is very precious to all who love him, and I know he will never leave them. My bible says—'Having loved his own, he loved them unto the end.' Happy thought, that such a friend I have. I will trust him to the last. I often feel very much tempted to sin, and almost to complain; but when I remember what Jesus suffered for me I am silent; I hope I shall be faithful to the end. My teacher told me once about a little girl who suffered very much during her illness, and she said that she was a very good girl; that she often took encouragement from having this passage of scripture read, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be." When I have been low spirited and fearful it has cheered me. I hope it will comfort me whenever I am tried and tempted. I feel very weak sometimes, but then I think of these lines we used to sing at school, and they cheer me also—

When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

Having uttered these words, this dear child breathed her last in the sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection. Her life was happy; her end was blessed. The shadows of death had closed in upon her. The wing once so buoyant and fearless was now meekly folded, and the weary and wounded bird fled to rest. She had chosen the better part. Christ was her all and in all, and therefore she could say, "Better far than indications of recovery is the sweet religious peace which I feel gradually overshadowing me with its dove-like pinions, excluding all that would exclude thoughts of God." Oh, for the rest of heaven, the society of the redeemed, and the unspeakable joy at God's right hand. To live thus is the way to be happy. Life will be miserable if you, dear reader, disregard the counsels which God has given you in his holy word. Take heed unto your steps, and strive to honour him in life, and you will glorify him in the hour of death. Let your language be from this time, "I have chosen the way of truth; thy judgments have I laid before me. I have stuck unto thy testimonies: O Lord, put me not to shame. I will run the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart. Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes; and I shall keep it unto the end. Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law; yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart." Ponder what you read, and you will find the whole in practice as well as theory to be "Happy thoughts for life's journey."

The life and death of christians admonish all to devote themselves early to the service of Christ;

however great the sufferings and trials of a christian, it is far better to endure them than be ungodly, and be free from persecutions and trials. The wicked have afflictions as well as the righteous; they are not able to bear all with resignation; they have no grace, and therefore they rebel and cry out—"Why am I dealt with thus; why should I suffer such pains; am I worse than others. No, I will defy the Almighty for thus afflicting me." With oaths and curses some ungodly men end their days; their afflictions are not sanctified, hence they live and die in a most rebellious, unhappy, and miserable state. How vastly different the feelings, spirit, and conduct of those who have sought and found Christ as their Saviour, friend, and brother. Listen to the testimony of a lovely christian who knew "how, when, and where to be happy;" whose submission to her Heavenly Father's will is worthy of your imitation. She says, when reviewing her sufferings,—“The last six months have been the happiest of my life, for I have enjoyed the presence of my God in them. Oh! who can tell what that is? What must heaven be, if this be only earth! to feel his own hand laid upon me but to bless me, and his tender mercy in every, even the most minute, particular. In the greatest languor and exhaustion of body and mind, so that thoughts of every kind seemed to enter into my head almost in delirium, he evidently held back my Satanic enemy and my evil heart; and, though too weak almost to think of him, he let me lie in his own everlasting arms, and rest in him; and, when stronger, he

drew me out in delightful prayer, still not suffering me to be harrassed by the enemy; and for hours together has made me forget earth and earthly things, and led me to himself. And, oh, chiefest mercy of all! when my vile, wretched heart would want to take the glory to itself, he gently—oh, how gently!—rebuked it, shewing me that *He* alone had done all these things for me. I mean not that all this time I have not been sinning and rebelling. Far, far from it. I have been rebellious, and cold, and wandering, and forgetful, and distrustful, and I have dealt very treacherously; and nothing but the most ineffable love and boundless compassion could ever have borne with me one day. Oh, I could lie down in wonder, when I remember how graciously, how inexpressibly tenderly and graciously, the Lord God has dealt with me! Words are too weak, too destitute of meaning, to write all I feel; and my feelings are too cold, and blunt, and debased, to have retained any thing of the real extent of the *visible* or felt love of God to me. In one word, he is Love—not only love, but *love itself*—and this essence has been manifested towards me every moment, in ways far beyond the tongue of man to utter, or the heart of man to conceive; and were nothing future in anticipation, well might I be content to praise him from my heart, and then to live no more. But why do I write all these things in the past time? What is he doing now for thee, O my soul? Have his tender mercies ceased? Oh, no, no; he is feeding me with the *very* finest of the wheat, and opening to me all his good treasure.

How am I almost confounded, when I feel and see the minute, the inexpressibly exact, answers to prayers, which I feel but too conscious were mixed with, nay, were nothing but, defilement and vanity. Yet the desire which my adorable Lord put into my mind at the time, ascended to the mercy-seat, and there was perfumed by his own hands, with his own incense, and was purged from its impurity, and then was offered up by him, and was accepted, and from thence descended the heavenly answer. And this is continual, constant; so that sometimes I am permitted to lie for two or three hours, breathing my poor, weak, wandering, vain, dissipated mind and heart up unto God; knowing that he will grant me what I ask and need, according to *His* good will, and in His own way; taking promise after promise, and bringing them to him to fulfil *in* me, and finding a sweet acquiescence (given me, I know, from above) in the will of my Saviour-Shepherd, in whatever way that will may please to give me the desired boon.

“Do I pray for the continuance of the light of his countenance? Do I ask to know and feel him ever near? then, if all else must depart from me to secure this, let them depart. Do I want ever to have memory dwell upon his love? then let memory fail as to all other things, if this be the way of remembering Jesus. Do I want to realize him to my soul, as my *only* portion? then, should every portion of earth be withdrawn, let this be preserved—it is enough. Do I desire to love him, with a love of which before I had no conception? then must all human love be lost—

yes, the nearest, dearest tie? Be it so. Do I pray for simple faith, calm, resting on the promise, feeling it as secure as if the blessing were already mine, because the Promiser is *faithful and true*? then, if to bring my mind to this, all must become unfaithful and untrue but God; even so—be it so. Do I desire to walk in the heavenly world, as far as it is possible to do, while my feet tread the wilderness; to live but as hastening to it; to feel my interests, my possessions, my best affections, *there*; to have my life hid with Christ in God; to be dead, crucified, buried with Christ—then, if all my interests, and ties, and attachments, and pleasures, innocent and right as they may be now, must fade away, and I must gaze on vacancy, and live but to be wounded on every side; oh, be it so. Here I would not be, but as the child of God, the bride of the Lamb, the temple of the Holy Ghost, the heir of heaven. Oh, let it all be so! let my will be the will of God. If crosses, and tribulations, and agonies, be necessary to subdue it, let me have simple faith, a single eye, an ardent love, an entire self-annihilation; let me live to God, with God, upon God; let me be the passive agent of the Spirit of God working in me; let this be my hope, my happiness, my delight; in one word, let God be my portion and my *all*, in a sense as far above expression as heaven is above earth—as far above conception as God's ways are above man's finding out. This may be the case even here—it must be. Gracious, powerful, omnipotent, infinitely loving Jehovah-Jesus, say thou, It shall be so—Thou must do it. I know thou canst; thy

Spirit wrought it in Enoch, in Abraham, in Paul; so let it work in me."

In the summer of 1827, she was well enough to be removed a few miles into the country; but she had become so attached to her sick-room, from the spiritual communion which she had there enjoyed, that at first she dreaded this little change, as she expresses in a paper dated May 29, 1827,—

"It seems that, for a trial I am to be removed from the place where I have lately enjoyed so many happy hours. My own wishes would lead me to incline much to remain here; but I desire to have no wish, with regard to *any* thing, but only to follow where my Shepherd leads. I indeed have, I trust, earnestly besought him, "if his presence go not with me, not to carry me up hence;" and he, I humbly hope, has answered "My presence *shall* go with thee." I know not what the result of this will be, but this I *do* know, and, I bless God, abidingly rest in, that the result will be the *best*. I want and wish no more. I may return, possessed in a measure of renovated strength of body, or I may return much weaker. I may never return; or I may be brought back a corpse. I cast all these different states, with unhesitating confidence, into the hands of a God—of *my* God, and *my* Father—certain that he will order all for me in his eternal, free, full, *inexpressible* love. He is now manifesting that love to me, in effectually removing from a mind, weakened by long-continued illness, every doubt or shadow of a fear; yes, I feel it must be his own omnipotent power, combined with his own infinite

tenderness, that now leads me on safely, so that "I fear no evil," while my enemies, my spiritual enemies, I see beside me overwhelmed by the sea of his love. His own voice I hear now speaking peace, or the storm without must agitate me; I lean on him; I want only him. If I have life, I want his purity, his love, his holiness, his fear, his Spirit. If death is my portion, I want his strength, his support, his Spirit. The promise is—"My grace is sufficient for thee;" "My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory;" "As thy day, so *shall* thy strength be." These are the promises of my *faithful* God, and all are made yea and amen in my adorable Mediator. His blood, I know, will satisfy the claims of a broken and a holy law. His Spirit will strengthen me through the valley of death; not the last *enemy*, but the last gift of love, I shall receive on earth, from him who has "fed me all my life long." My sins are, indeed, scarlet; every moment of my life tells me of precious time not employed for the noble and gracious end for which it was bestowed; of thoughts, and wishes, and inclinations, contrary to, or not indulged in with any regard to, the will of God. My prayers remind me of *unbelief*, of vanity, of unsubdued will and affections, of pride, of hardness of heart. My unnumbered mercies cry aloud of unthankfulness, of a heart puffed up with conceit, of evil continually. Oh! I know that each one sin, of a mountain heap, which would raise itself to the very skies—each one would cast me for ever from the presence of a holy and just God; yet I dare

not, I cannot, for one instant fear to meet that God. Unnumbered as are my sins, I know they exceed not the pardoning grace of Jesus. He is able to save to the *very uttermost all* who come to God by *him*. Relying, then, entirely on his finished work, the work he himself has finished, or it would for ever remain imperfect; trusting only to that blood for the full blotting out of all my transgressions, and alone looking to his perfect righteousness, in which my guilty soul can be clothed, before he stands in the presence of God, I throw myself, for time and for eternity, for earth and heaven, into the everlasting arms of love which cannot fail; which will, according to the immutable promise of a faithful Jehovah, bear me up for ever and for ever. I am the most guilty, helpless, miserable sinner; but Jesus has given himself for me, has made me joint-heir with him. He is *all, my ALL*; my portion and my joy, even here below; he will, yes, he has promised that he will, be my guide unto death, and my portion for evermore."

For some weeks Emma remained from home, and found that her God was as nigh to her then as he had ever been. She says:—

"Truly I have a goodly portion; "the lines are fallen unto me in" more than "pleasant places." He has been with me, and marked out all my path always. He will be with me now; when I go, where I stay; all the time, to the end, if that end be to me the end of *all* things; for ever *mine*, my own, my portion, and my All."

"Oh! what a portion has the believer in Jesus,

even in *this* life! "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things" which God reveals by his Spirit each day to his beloved saints. What can I write of his great goodness to me? My very thoughts cannot realize my feelings on this subject. Hour after hour I seem to be drinking into the fulness of God; his Spirit is sent to make me feel my wants, my need of *every thing*; to shew me the hosts of my enemies that wait around me; the precipices over which I am walking; the snares set for my soul in every way; my own inability to overcome, or even to contend with one; my poverty, my emptiness, my vileness, my weakness, my ignorance, my foolishness—and yet my pride, my vanity, my fool-hardiness, my blindness. And then, after this sight, or rather during the time, he brings me to the throne of grace, and keeps me there, bringing all my wants, one by one, to my remembrance, and enabling me to throw them on the Lord Jesus, to plead with him for guidance, strength, direction, support, patience, humility, help, sight, knowledge; makes me believe that I shall have these blessings; calms my soul with the trust he puts into it; sheds abroad the love of God in my heart, and spreads his peace and joy there, till the moments and hours seem envious of his visits, and fly on more than wings, and leave me longing for the time when I shall dwell *for ever—oh, for ever*—in him, and go *no more out*. Oh! glorious, happy day! my soul pants for it; it pants to be able to praise God, to bless him with a seraph's tongue. Oh! fear the Lord, all *his*

people; there is no want to any who fear him. There never was—no, never—such a poor, cold, heartless, vile, ungrateful being as I am; but there never was one who more largely tasted of the UNSPEAKABLE love, and kindness, and tenderness of our dear Lord Jesus. He seems to proportion his love to my ingratitude, his tenderness to my hardness, his patience to my rebellion. I cannot write any thing of what I experience of his INFINITE love. I cannot think, express, conceive, or even *feel*, any thing of what I would, of what I, in a measure, *see* shewn to me. I can but wonder, pant, and love; I can but breathe my soul towards God, till I breathe it into him.”

She used, in the evening, to sit on a beautiful hill, which commanded a lovely prospect, and there give to her sisters daily lessons from the Scriptures, which will never be forgotten by them. No real amendment, however, took place, and the constant pain in the side, incessant cough, and difficulty of breathing, shewed that there was some internal malady, which no human skill could reach, and which she confidently anticipated would be to her the messenger of rest. July 31st, she says,—

“The last July evening I shall, most probably, ever see; solemn, yet sweet thought. Yes, before another July, this weary, weak frame, will surely sink beneath the sod; the hands which now hold this pen will be motionless and powerless, and the busy thoughts which crowd my mind must be lost in forgetfulness; and the eyes which view the calm scene before me, must be closed on earthly

objects for ever. Oh! will it be so, indeed? then let my whole soul turn to Him, who, I know, will be my portion, when every thing else is vanished from me. Blessed assurance—Christ is *my all!* Let it be so; let me never again welcome this smiling month, these cheerful evenings; let me never again breathe this balmy air, nor view the radiance of an earthly sky. I go to the unfailing source of light, the unfading radiance of heaven, the gates of Paradise; but, more than all, I go to Jesus. Even *here* it is sweet to think of him, to pray to him, to hear of him, to love him, to trust him, to lean upon him, to feel his tender hand, to hear him whisper peace, to rest upon his love; and *there*, really to love him with all my heart and soul; to be *nothing* but love; to be full of it; to be swallowed up in it; to be lost in it; to know him in all the riches of his love—the wonders of it, the tenderness, the unfailingness, the depth, the height, the breadth, the length;—to drink in all this, and to be like it myself, oh! the anticipation of this, little as I can conceive, and still less realize it, is, indeed, something inexpressibly more than *enough* to make all sadness flee, in seeing this world, and all most dear to me in it, passing so rapidly from me. Nay, rather I must clip the wings of hope, lest it fly into the region of impatience, and make me too much long to be with Jesus, which is so *far* better. Here I may long to love, if I cannot love as I would; here I may try to praise, if I cannot praise as I want to do; here I may think, and pray, and wait, and rest, if I cannot search, and adore, and soar aloft as I

desire to do ; here I may look, and suffer, and this is bliss indeed. I thank thee, O my God, for thy wondrous love shewn to me every moment. I wait to thank thee indeed, when I see thee as thou art : even so, come Lord Jesus, come quickly."

Reader, behold and admire the love of Jesus in supporting the christian under the greatest sufferings. Jesus is the truest friend ! cleave to him, and you will be happy.

There are certain periods in the history of young men and maidens when more thought and discretion than usual should be exercised—when wisdom and prudence to the greatest degree are, indispensable to lasting happiness. One season is when parent and child are separated, when distance and a variety of circumstances stills the loving mother's voice, and hides the joy of her heart from her tender and watchful gaze. Her prayers of faith are heard in heaven for her child, who is gone forth to do battle with the world ; they rise before the throne as holy incense, morning and evening ; they are prayers of the sweetest perfume ; they avail much on behalf of her much-loved child. When no mortal eye can see her, when all is still and dark, when the business of the day is done, when the noise and din of commerce ceases, when all is hushed to death-like silence, and the nightly orb is shedding her pale and silvery beams upon this fond and loving mother's lowly abode, her prayers are ascending—they are borne by angelic beings and presented by the Son to the Father ; she wrestles earnestly for all blessings—her prevailing cry is God bless

my child, God keep and preserve my child. Who can tell the effect of a mother's prayers? they are registered in heaven. They fill earth with happiness and heaven with joy. The redeemed and ransomed host make the heavenly mansions ring with their loud amen and amen to a mother's prayers. If a mother's prayers are so readily heard on behalf of her child, think you, that the child's prayers will not be as readily heard on behalf of himself? Most certainly they will. He who has said, "I love them that love me, and those who seek me early shall find me," has also said, "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and the door of mercy shall be opened." Dear reader, you need to pray much and at all times, but especially when entering into life; and when taking any fresh and important steps, you cannot be happy and prosperous without Divine guidance. God has laid it down as a principle, that success in life, and joy here and hereafter, depends on certain conditions. Adhere to these and you will live; despise them and you will die. If you have a christian mother; if you have set at nought her holy counsels, her advice and prayers, your condemnation will be great, your punishment will be just. Who, of thought, and of feeling, would not benefit by the example of a praying mother; she is the most precious jewel in the Saviour's diadem; she is the greatest earthly treasure; behold her amid her manifold cares preserving "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," cheerfully bearing the little trials which are constantly recurring, not the less difficult to be

borne that they seem so insignificant to others, and elicit so little sympathy; preserving her equanimity of temper under all provocation, and allowing no frown to cloud her brow, lest she should sour the feelings of her little ones, and lead them to suppose that she complains of the appointment of her Father; being submissive under all trials, believing that they are sent to prepare her for the upper and better world. A life so beautifully spent diffuses fragrance like that of ointment poured forth. She is one of God's ministering angels; her presence is the sunlight of her home; "Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also praiseth her." Many of the wisest men, those who have been the most noble and distinguished, who have done the most for the extension of Christ's kingdom, and the salvation of immortal souls, have attributed their first crowning impressions to a mother's teaching and example; and many a son who has broken through all other restraints, like the green withs on Samson's arms, and set aside all other arguments in favour of, religion, has been at length reclaimed because there was one influence to which he never could become insensible, and one argument he could never refute—the influence and argument of a mother's beautiful life. Who can estimate it too highly? Who can rightly appreciate and be sufficiently thankful for a mother's cares, a mother's prayers and tears?

O, Mother, sweetest name on earth,
We lispen it on the knee;
And idolize its sacred worth
In manhood's ministry.

And if I e'er in heaven appear,
A mother's holy prayer,
A mother's hand and gentle tear
That pointed to a Saviour here,
Shall lead the wanderer there.

The second important step wherein happiness is involved, is when the choice of the friend who is to share your joys and sorrows is made—there must be unity of feeling, decision of character, in order to secure happiness. “How can two walk together except they be agreed?” There cannot be the same amount of comfort and happiness, if persons settle together whose views are opposite to each other, as if they were otherwise. A godly person should not make choice of an ungodly; if such should be the case as it often is, the rod of chastisement is severely used and deservedly, since the Divine warning has been disregarded, “Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.” Piety is the first and most indispensable qualification in a wife—I do not say there are no good ones without piety, but, I do say this, that those who have become the subjects of a Divine change are by far the best. There is reason to conclude that the happiness of those who are the most Godlike will be the most complete and perfect. Reader, never enter upon any momentous undertaking without first asking your Heavenly Father to guide and direct your steps. If you are his child by adoption, he will check you if straying from wisdom's paths, he will interpose on your behalf in his kind providence; and though you may feel disappointed and almost angry with him for a time for frustrating your purpose and blasting your hopes, still, in the end,

you will praise him for taking away "the desire of your eyes and you will not mourn." Commit your way unto the Lord—trust him now, yea, alway, and never fear, "For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."—Psa. lxxxiv. 11.

Reader, are you seeking to be happy; now, at the present moment, are you saying with Paul, "This one thing I do?" Are you striving to enjoy Christ's presence here, and the fellowship of the Saints? If you are, you will realize in some measure while living, and, when dying, the joy and serenity of mind which necessarily follow such desires. Those who have been the most useful and happy while living, and the most confident when dying, have been those who have lived the nearest to Christ. They have been devoted to his cause, and never satisfied, however much they have exerted themselves to bring wanderers back to God. Redeeming love has brought them so heavily into debt, that they are willing to live and die for Christ and his Church. Two sketches of such characters I now give you, and I pray God that you and I may be imitators of them, and all those "who, through faith and patience, now inherit the promises."

M—H. was born at Metz, of Roman Catholic parents, but felt an early desire in her heart to know God, and to serve him in truth; and as she had no means of reading the scriptures, or to be instructed in the place of her nativity, she chose, to her great loss in temporals, to retire among the

Protestants, and among them to search after the truth. She was persuaded in her own mind, God would let her find what she was looking for, namely, a people that were able to tell her how to serve him in an acceptable manner. She accordingly met with a lady whose heart God had touched and changed, and in whose house he was worshipped in a becoming manner. The doctrines of the reformed churches, when instructed in them, she very much relished; but then the life, and the conversation of many professors, were an obstacle in her way. In this case she sought earnestly for direction, and was soon convinced, that the wickedness of some of its professors ought not to hinder her from embracing the protestant religion. And so, after earnest prayer, that she might not join the Protestants from any sinister views, she made her profession to a German minister, in whom she thought she discovered more fear of God than in the French minister of the place.

Her great aim was to live for God. In the pursuit of this design she went to Holland and joined a society of pious christians, who, retired from the world, lived together at a place called Wieward. It was there that she was seized by a lingering fever, which turned at last to a dropsy. Her meek, quiet, and patient manner of bearing the cross in her tedious and long sickness was very edifying to those that attended her.

In the very beginning of the distemper she thought God called her to suffer, yea, to suffer a great deal; but she said at the same time she felt a willingness to suffer; and that for the sake of

the Lord Jesus her Saviour, she cheerfully embraced that portion of the cross which he would be pleased to send unto her.

In her sickness she was brought very low on account of her former sins and corruptions; but took her refuge in the mercy of God by the blood of Jesus, and so her sins vanished away.—“I think sometimes, she said, when I lie here in great heat, and suffer violent thirst, how I shall drink when I shall get home to the Lord.” Another time she said—“Though I am as a barren land, and have little sense of the divine love, yet this I perceive, that I should be sorry to remain in this life. I have always longed after the comforts of God, and a sweet sense of them; but now I submit entirely to the Lord; I am willing to die in the state I now am in. The Lord Jesus has sought me, his lost sheep, and he gives me room to hope that he will bring me into his eternal sheep-fold.”

After this she enjoyed a great calmness in her soul; so she said,—“I have nothing to strive against, the Lord Jesus has overcome all. I could never have believed it, that God would give me so great grace, and so entirely wean me from every thing. Before my children were much in my mind, but now no more: I leave them entirely in the hands of God, and of pious people: I have no more concern for them than if I had no children. When we go to God, every thing must give way. We must think on nothing but God and our souls. If it would please God to lengthen my life, I might resolve to live longer; but truly, not without reluctance. O when will the Lord come!

When will the Lord draw near me and take me to himself!"

One present said to her, that going to the Lord, she might say with Stephen, Lord Jesus receive my spirit. She answered very affectionately,—“O, it is a beautiful amiable word, Lord Jesus receive my spirit.” And again she said,—“My heart is at rest; I can say nothing but this, I am at rest in the Lord; I am weak, but he is strong for me, my strength is in him.” When one took leave of her, and said, the Lord strengthen you; she said,—“Woe unto me! What would become of me if he should not do so?” And being that day so weak that it was thought it would be her last, she cried out several times, “My good Jesus! My dear Jesus! wilt thou come and take me this day to thyself?” Then she said,—“O how good has God been unto me, that he brought me among his children!” At the same time she humbled herself before God and his people; and a moment after she said with great affection,—“My good Jesus! wilt thou be so kind to me, and now thoroughly wash me in thy blood? O what great mercy! How altogether am I unworthy of it! Come, my Jesus, come, take and draw me soon to thee?” Again, she said,—“Though I am unworthy of it, yet the Lord causeth me to enjoy his sacred rest, and leads me sweetly to himself. And when one said, then you go cheerfully, and enter with full sails into the harbour of eternal bliss?” She replied,—“Yes, Jesus Christ my good shepherd is lending me his hand; he will draw me and help me, that I may safely arrive there. A little after

she began to sigh for the coming of Christ to her, she looked about, and said,—“Pray earnestly that my God may come, and that his good Spirit may support me unto the end. Death is a narrow gate; I wait for the Lord Jesus to carry me through.” When she had fainted, she said,—“I believe I shall go away thus easily.” A person then spoke with her of the happiness of those that die in Christ, and the exceeding greatness of his love; to whom she answered,—“I very much intreated the Lord Jesus Christ to come, and he has answered me, he was come, and is coming:” and then, stretching out her arms, she said,—“Methinks I already embrace my Lord Jesus Christ.” She was then in very great pain by the contraction of her nerves; so one told her that she seemed to be much in pain, but that was the way to go to God; she replied, smiling,—“O this is altogether nothing. I am glad of it; every pain brings me nearer to Jesus.” From the beginning of her sickness she had an assurance that God would take her away; and therefore she added,—“O it is good for me to suffer! I stand much in need of it; but methinks any other child of God would bear my pains much better than I do; yet I must own that the Lord Jesus has given me some of his patience, for none but he can give it; of myself I have nothing but stubbornness and impatience.”

Several pious people visited her that day, expecting then she would go to her heavenly Father. The thought of this filled her with joy and comfort; she would look at her friends and say,—“O noble company, which thou, O my God! art

favouring me with at this my departure. O could I take you all with me! what a great privilege is it to have been heartily in the service of the Lord! O how I love thee my good Lord and Saviour!" One of the company said, it seems you are willing to go to the Lord Jesus, and there is nothing that detains you; she answered with a clear and distinct voice,—“Not one thread more keeps me.” Towards evening she complained of being sleepy; and when one replied that she might go to sleep because her work was done, for that Christ had done it for her and in her, her answer was,—“If it was not so, how could I be so easy?” Yet the Lord permitted her for some days after to be sorely exercised, when the waters rose above her stomach; therefore she said,—I can say with David, ‘The waters go to my soul.’” But as her end drew near, she was so filled with joy, that she broke out in raptures,—“My God is coming. O my God! what shall I render unto thee? I am waiting for thee.” She repeated the thirty-first Psalm with as loud a voice as she could, and added,—“My soul magnifieth the Lord, and my Spirit rejoiceth in God my Saviour.” When one asked her whether she had any fear at all of death, she said,—“Altogether none; there is not a shadow of it remaining with me. It is my God that has freed me from it; I could not have done it myself, but the Lord did it in the twinkling of an eye.” And then she died happy, joyful, and comfortable, in so easy a manner, that the bystanders scarce perceived life was extinct.

A young lady of France, born of a very noble

family there (but who chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy pleasure and prosperity at the expense of her conscience), is a most illustrious example of the power of divine grace in a dying hour.

An indisposition, which she had had for some days, violently increased, and made her apprehensive that she was drawing near her last. She accordingly sent for her mother to receive her comforts and blessings; and when she came, she, in a very humble manner, reached out her hand to her, and said,—“Well, my dear mother! the time is come; my God is calling me away unto himself; let us prepare to meet him. Alas, how unworthy am I to be presented before him! How very weak is my faith, how small my repentance! Pray to God for me, that he may pardon my sins; pray that he may speak to my heart. Alas, wretched that I am! He is not speaking in my heart. Pray to God to show me mercy.” Though her mother was much affected by this discourse, yet she contained herself, and replied,—“My daughter! it is true, before God no living flesh shall be justified (Psal. cxliii.) without the assistance of his mercy; but did not the Saviour of the world make atonement for the greatest sinners? Has he not pardoned the sins of a David, Manasseh, Peter, the thief on the cross, and others without number? You know very well, my daughter, Jesus Christ is come to call sinners unto repentance, and not the righteous.” “’Tis true, said she, but I do not find that repentance in my heart which God requires in them whom

he calls to himself. Alas! he is not speaking in my heart." Her mother replied, "My dear child, because there is such sorrow in your heart for your sins, it is a sign your conscience is not asleep. There is something within you striving, and what can that be but the Spirit of God? Hope in the goodness of God and the merits of your Saviour. He has said, 'Him that cometh to me, I will in no-wise cast out.'" The sick person, hearing these words, lifted her eyes up to heaven, and said,— "Draw me, and I will run after thee." She then expressed a desire to see her minister and several other friends; when they came, she said to them all,— "My dear friends, pray God that he may have mercy on me;" and then very earnestly desired the minister to pray for, and to comfort her. She always spoke of the greatness of her sins; and when she was told that God is pleased when we acknowledge ourselves, quickly she replied,— "He that confesseth his sins and forsaketh them, shall find mercy." Prov. xxviii., 14.

Thus she kept on, complaining all day of the weakness of her piety:—"I am like a sheep gone astray: seek thine handmaid; for I have not forgot thy commandments, Psal. cxix. Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean, Psal. li. If thou wilt mark iniquity, no living man shall stand justified in thy sight; but with thee is pardon, that thou mayest be feared, Psal. cxxx. O wretched that I am! who will deliver me from this body of death?" Then stopped a little, and afterward said,— "Draw nigh unto me, O my God! and I will draw nigh unto thee. Cleanse my heart,

that I may draw near unto thee. Hear me with speed; my spirit fails; hide not thy face, lest I be like to them that sink into the pit. Lord! have mercy on me according to thy loving-kindness. Let thy free spirit support me."

After she spent several days in continual distress and sorrow under the sense of her sins, and fear of the judgment of God, this ceased on a Lord's-day evening, and her heart was filled with the unspeakable joys and comforts of the Holy Ghost, by whom the love of God was abundantly shed abroad in her heart. So when one persuaded her to try and take some rest, she said,—“That the rest of her soul was her only joy.” And when encouraged to hope God would restore her to the fervent prayers of her friends, she said,—“O don't tell me any thing about returning to this earth; my thoughts are heavenward. Death does not terrify me any more; though I know it to be the wages of sin, yet also I know that eternal life is the gift of God through Jesus Christ! only pray, that I may be more and more strengthened against the terrors of my sins; that I may fight the good fight, and obtain the crown of life.” When one replied that she need not have so much fear of sin as others, because she had always lived religiously and without conforming to the world, she replied,—“How do you know whether I should not have loved the world if I had been brought up as is customary for people of my position? I am the more happy that my Saviour weaned me from it. Pray with me that he may prepare my heart, that I may meet him with full confidence in his mercy.

Now is the time of need, my God! Help me! O make haste to save me!"

When her mother saw her in a joyful trance, she invited all to come into the room, that they might be witnesses of her joys and comforts, as formerly they had been of her sorrow and distress. She had raised herself in the bed, joined her hands, her eyes looked heaven-ward, and discovered a wonderful firmness and modest cheerfulness of her mind. She spoke for six hours together, all in short and affecting sentences. Sometimes she would speak of her happiness, and sometimes of her joy; she made use of so many passages of the Old and New Testament, that it was impossible to retain them; she expressed her own thoughts in scripture language; sometimes she exalted her Saviour for her salvation, sometimes she humbled herself in his presence, and sometimes she returned thanks for the mercy and benefits which she had received at his hand. She would very properly apply unto herself the contents of several chapters of the Bible: as for example, John xvii., Rom. v. and viii. She could say,—“My God! there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. And if so, there is nothing I can be afraid of, for I heartily lay hold on the merits of the Saviour of the world; I am made free from the law of sin; it gives me no more fear. I perceive that my Saviour has given me the Spirit of eternal life: yea, I know, O my God! that I am thy child by the powerful comforts of thy Spirit. O how happy am I! I have not received a spirit of bondage unto fear, but a spirit of adoption, that

enables me to call the great God and Lord of the whole earth, Father. Holy Spirit! thou shalt bear witness unto my spirit that I am a child of God, and a joint heir of Christ: O the depths of the riches, both of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God! Unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways are past finding out; for of him, and through him, and to him, are all things; to him be glory for ever, Amen. Lord," continued she, "thou hast said in thy prayer for thine apostles, 'I do not pray for them only, but for them also that shall believe in me by their words.'—John xvii. I have believed in thee by their word, and therefore thou hast prayed also for me, thy wretched hand-maid. Lord! thou hast said, 'Father! I will that where I am, those whom thou hast given me may be also.' Grant, that where thou art, I may be with thee, that I may behold thy glory."

When she heard somebody say that she spoke very well, she answered,—“Not I, but the Spirit of God in me: he has given me the tongue of the learned—Isa. l., 4. Hear me, and let all the world know what God has done for me; bless God with me for his unspeakable gift.” She often clapped her hands, and said,—“O how happy am I! How shall I express my joy! Indeed he is come; he has overcome. The holy Comforter is sent to me to make his abode in me. With him is the fountain of light, and in his light we shall see light—Psal. xxxvi. O what mercies have I received from my God: I am too little for them, too unworthy of them. I am made rich with the unspeakable riches of grace. O my God! thou

hast wiped away all tears from mine eyes. Thou hast given me a good testimony, and a new name, which none knoweth but he that receiveth it. Thou art feeding me with the good things of thy house, and my soul is satisfied with streams of pleasure. The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He makes me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters: he restoreth my soul: he guideth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake: yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff comfort me. Who am I? my Saviour! that thou hast made my heart the temple wherein thou dwellest? I adore thee! I love thee! I bless thy name, O my God! My soul magnifieth the Lord, and my spirit rejoiceth in God my Saviour; for he pitied the low estate of his handmaid. O how good is my God! How unspeakably good is he, that has had compassion on me! Behold, how kind is Jesus, my Saviour! How loving is he! He did unspeakably love me when I was yet his enemy! He knocked at the door of my heart; he entered when the doors were shut. Yes, my divine Saviour! I see the print of thy hands, of thy feet, of thy side; I see the streams of thy blood issuing out from them; streams of mercy for me, which have made me whiter than snow: I adore thee, I embrace thee, O my Saviour! O my God! Give a clear shine into my soul; fill it with thy fear, and enlighten it with thy knowledge, shed abroad thy love into it, make it to partake of thy holiness and happiness; and when it shall

leave its frail body, let it reign with thee for ever and ever."

She blessed her brethren and sisters and all her relations present most tenderly, and spoke so suitably to each of them, that every one stood astonished at it. She exhorted,—“Cease from sinning, my dear friends! You have seen the uneasiness my sins have given unto me; let us endeavour, each in his calling, to edify the church: above all things let us give a good example unto others. Let us live righteously, soberly, and godly in this present world. Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, think on these, and the God of peace shall be with you."

Tuesday, in the morning early, she first conversed a little with her mother, then reached out her hands to a neighbouring gentleman that came to visit her; and when she saw him weep, she said to him,—“Why do you weep, Sir? Is it because God loveth me, and is drawing me to himself?” She moreover also put him in mind of Josias, whom God took away because he loved him, and that he might not see the calamity that was to befall Jerusalem and the Jewish nation. When her mother came again to her bed, she said to her,—“My dear mother! I am quite easy, blessed be God! To-day I feel not the least pain. I feel very well, my Saviour has delivered me from all my distresses. I will eternally praise him for it;” and then began to repeat several

psalms, insisting only on such verses as best suited her circumstances. Her mother said to her, "My dear daughter, in a little time you will join with angels and seraphim, and with them sing the song of the Lamb." "Yes," replied she, "I will offer him one sacred hallelujah after another;" and when she perceived that her mother took special notice of her words, she continued,—“My dear mother, we ought always to endeavour to comfort our brethren with that comfort wherewith we want to be comforted ourselves.”

The sacred scriptures were the whole tenor of all her discourses. It was thence that she derived all her comfort; more particularly she solaced herself with some passages from the first chapter of the Romans:—"Where sin abounded," said she, "thy grace, O Lord! has much more abounded."—Rom. v., 20. "Lord, thou hast been favourable unto thy people."—Psal. lxxxv., 1. "When thou saidst, Seek ye my face! my heart said, Thy face, Lord, will I seek; and soon, Lord, wilt thou shew it to me in paradise." Then, turning to her mother, she said,—“O my dear mother, the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, has entirely filled my soul: the Lord sought me and found me; how merciful is Jesus Christ, that he gave himself, the just for the unjust!” And when she remembered the former uneasiness of her soul, she said,—

“Thus did I say both day and night,
When I was sore oppress’d,
Lo! I am clean cast out of sight,
Yet heard’st thou my request.”

And after this she repeated the whole fifteenth

psalm, adding,—“Lord, thou hast dealt kindly with thy handmaid according to thy word. Thy word maketh wise the simple. Thy word, O my God, shall never be forgotten by me.” After quoting many passages out of the psalms, she seemed to be in a meditation, and then broke out again,—“Henceforth I fear nothing: who will lay any thing to the charge of the elect of God? It is God that justifieth; who will condemn? It is Christ that died, yea, what's more, that's risen again,” &c.

When she was visited by one of her friends, who expressed concern for her illness, she gently squeezed her hands, and said with a cheerful look,—“If you knew, my dear friend, what mercy God has shewn unto me, and how happy I am, you would judge me unhappy if God had not thus visited me.” Afterwards she rested for about an hour, and when she awoke, said,—“What is our life? Surely it is nothing but a vapour that riseth up a little and then disappears? So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. O God, what is man, that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou visitest him?—Psal. viii. We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. And the glory of this latter house is greater than the former. The things that are seen are for a little time; but the things that are not seen are eternal.” She continued,—“Call my minister that he may comfort me. O the comforts of the Holy Ghost

are the food of my soul. Thy word, O Lord, is sweeter to my heart than honey to my taste." When she saw the minister coming, she said to him,—“Sir, let us draw near to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and grace to help in time of need.” Her minister said, “Why do you not rather say, let us ask mercy? Why are you so confident that we may receive mercy?” She said,—“My reason is, because at the throne of grace I find a Saviour who has purchased it, and promised to hear me. Him that cometh, I will in no wise cast out—John vi., 37—is his promise; and he is faithful and just to fulfil it.” The minister replied, “Yes indeed, madam, he has made this promise unto your repentance and true faith.” She spoke many more excellent things, and with so much freedom and power, as though her soul had already been free from the bonds of the body. She was entirely weaned from the world. Nothing was able to hold her. Her thoughts were all in heaven, and in expectation of being perfectly united to God for ever.

On the minister's saying to her, “If ye be without chastisements, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards and not sons. Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth; he scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.” She answered,—“It is true, I am quite convinced of it: my Saviour has suffered much more to redeem me; if I suffer with him, I shall also reign with him. He drank gall and vinegar, and was stabbed to his very heart, all for my sake. Lord, cover me with thy merits, and grant, that remembering thy

sufferings on the cross, I may forget my own." A little after she drank a glass of wine, and said,— "I shall soon drink it new in my Father's kingdom." At the return of her pain, she cried,— "All thy water spouts and all thy billows are gone over me." Yes, said the minister, but you ought also to mention the floods and the waters of his grace which have filled your soul. She replied,— "It is true. The gifts I have received far exceed the pains I suffer." When she complained, as though she was quite overcome, the minister said to her, "Can you believe that your heavenly Father is angry with you, and that he will forsake you in this temptation?" "No," said she, "no; I know I shall more than conquer for his sake that loved me: if I suffer great pain, I also enjoy great comfort. Zion saith, 'Come, and see, all ye that pass by, is any sorrow like unto my sorrow?' But I will say, 'All ye that pass by, come and see if there be any joy like unto my joy.' Here pains and comforts meet. My Saviour, for my sake hast thou said, 'Your grief shall be turned into joy.'"
—John xvi., 20.

The minister said unto her, "You experience what the Apostle saith, 'Though the outward man decayeth, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.'" So she continued,— "Come, let us sing to the Lord, let us make a joyful noise unto the rock of our salvation. Let us come before him with thanksgiving; for the Lord is a great king, and a great God above all gods." She also repeated almost the whole sixty-second psalm, 'My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is

from him,' &c. Where can there be any contentment if it is not in him that giveth it? His sole presence satiates with joy: they that look at him are lightened, and their faces shall not be ashamed. She repeated several other psalms, and thus sought the pity of the Lord. Every word of the divine psalms was a balm to her wounds.

Towards midnight she fell asleep; those that had always attended her also took some rest. Her mother observed that on Friday morning before day she would often say,—“Merciful Lord Jesus, come!” And that her cry seemed no more to proceed from pain, but from joy. She therefore told her, the Lord will soon put an end to your misery; wait only patiently for your God. She raised herself, and said,—“My dear mother I shall not die, my death is only a transit to a happy life; my sickness is not unto death, but to the glory of God. Come, rejoice with me; the Lord Jesus has found me; I was the lost sheep.” And once she said very loud, as coming from a very deep meditation,—“If this is done in the green tree, what will become of the dry.”

After this she spoke very little more, only sometimes she would say, “What pains and joys do I feel at the same time;” and so kept in a slumber. A little after she was seized with the agonies of death; her body was convulsed; a large sweat dropt from it, and her eyes seemed to be turned. A friend of hers that felt her pulse thought she would immediately expire; but she recovered, grew easier, her eyes looked bright again, and she seemed to rub their dulness out with her hands.

Her countenance appeared cheerful, and she sung melodiously,

"How pleasant is thy dwelling-place,
O Lord of Hosts, to me!
The tabernacles of thy grace,
How pleasant, Lord, they be!
My soul doth long full sore to go
Into thy courts abroad:
My heart and flesh cry out also
For thee the living God."

A great many people that were in the room were much astonished at this; but this was not all. After she fetched a little breath she awaked from her slumbers again, and began,

"It is a thing both good and meet,
To praise the highest Lord,
And to thy name, O thou Most High!
To sing with one accord."

She sung these four lines in the most sweet and harmonious manner, and then fell into her slumbers again; after which she sung Psal. lxxx.

"Thou Shepherd, that dost Israel keep,
Give ear, and take good heed,
Who leadest Joseph like a sheep,
And dost him watch and feed;
Direct our hearts by thy good grace,
Convert us unto thee;
Shew us the brightness of thy face,
And then full safe are we."

The fourth time she, for several hours, continued in the agonies of death; and when she came again to herself, she sung,

"Into thy hands, Lord, I commit
My soul, which is thy due,
Because thou hast redeemed it,
O Lord my God most true."

When her mother heard her thus sing aloud, she said to her, "My child, since God has honoured me to put the first words on thy lips to praise him, I will also put there the last which I shall hear of thee in this world;" and mentioned Psal. cxlvi.

" My soul, praise thou the Lord always,
My God I will confess,
While breath and life prolong my days,
My tongue no time shall cease."

Which her sick daughter sung with great firmness of mind, with open eyes, and smiling lips. When her agony was renewed, her mother courageously took leave of her, and said,—“God be with thee, my dear child: I shall come to thee, but thou wilt see me no more: we shall see one another on the day of the glorious resurrection:” and thus she retired. Above three hours after, her minister wanted to know whether she was yet sensible, shook her arm, and desired her to squeeze his hands if she heard him; but there was not the least sign of life: but as he was going out of the room, the soul returned, as it were, to the body. She raised herself suddenly in her bed, and sung the second time,

“ Into thy hands, Lord, I commit
My soul, which is thy due;
Because thou hast redeemed it,
O Lord my God most true.”

He then put his ear to her mouth, and heard her say,—“Lord, now let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.” A moment after she fetched three sighs without any motion, and so yielded her spirit. The cheerfulness of her looks and eyes, which remained half open, continued after her death, and were a proof that her soul tasted the joys of heaven, before it was quite loosened from the ties of the body.

Dear reader, you learn from the sketches which I have just given you, “When and where to be happy.” The dying testimony of each of those

chosen vessels unto honour, ought to convince you of the great importance of seeking Christ early; of seeking reconciliation now, at once, and without delay. It may be that you have suffered many opportunities to pass by unimproved; if so, do not do so again. I beseech you not to trifle any more, hesitate no longer, but cry for pardon, for mercy, and deliverance now.

Time *was* is past; thou canst not it recall:
Time is thou hast; employ the portion small:
Time *future* is not; and may never be:
Time *present* is the only time for thee!

You know not how soon your course here will terminate; therefore "set your affections on things above." What will all your riches profit you in a dying hour; what can worldly friends do for you then, they cannot remove one pain; Christ is the only friend who can help and deliver you from all your fears, pains, and troubles when death steals o'er your feeble frame. You may think much of your worldly possessions when in the full enjoyment of health; but when the last hour approaches, how changed will be your estimate of earthly treasures; how absurd your over-eagerness to increase your possessions, which you have to part with, to leave behind. How unwise your late incessant grasping to add new turrets to the fabric of ambition; the foundation of which is shaking, and the ground on which it stands mouldering away. How few there are who rightly estimate earthly treasures; how few employ their riches in honouring God to the extent that they should do; they cannot perform this duty after death, it must be done while living. Those who are selfish know

nothing of the luxury of doing good ; they live to themselves and they die to themselves. I have known some men who have boasted of their uprightness, their honour and integrity, who have been the most selfish and grasping in all their transactions ; they have been men who have ground down the poor, while their own eyes have stood out with fatness ; they have exacted the uttermost farthing. Such has been their avariciousness, that they would even take the last portion of meat from a starving family. Where, I ask, is the honesty of such individuals ; wherein does their uprightness, their honour and integrity appear ? Such persons are deluded, they are infatuated, "their god is their belly, and their end is destruction ;" a covetous, extorting man, is an unhappy man. If you, dear reader, have but little generosity in your nature, pray for enlargement of heart, and God will enable you to do much good when living, and he will reward and bless you when dying. Learn to use rightly all the blessings of providence and grace ; endeavour to appreciate the goodness of God ; pray for more wisdom, and you will not think too much neither too little of the joys of earth.

Few rightly estimate the worth
Of joys that spring and fade on earth :
They are not weeds we should despise,
They are not fruits of Paradise ;
But wild flowers in the pilgrim's way,
That cheer yet not protract his stay ;
Which he dare not too fondly clasp,
Lest they should perish in his grasp ;
And yet may view and wisely love,
As proofs and types of joys above.

Those who have made Christ their portion, are

happy now while living; they are happy in his love. Look at the man who, on entering upon life, made choice of God for his portion; who, in the morning of his life, experienced an early and an entire dedication to the service of God; who received the atonement and redemption through the blood of Christ; who enjoyed all the privileges of the house of God, and to whom every thing connected with God's service was a delight. When passing through the valley and shadow of death he does not fear; he hears a sweet voice saying, "My staff shall support thee, and my rod shall guide thee; fear them not for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God." Fear not, thou worm, Jacob, I will help thee, saith the Lord and thy Redeemer. Thus encouraged, the christian perseveres and triumphs gloriously. If you will visit the beds of the dying, you will at once perceive the force of that sentiment, "Virtue alone has majesty in death." Nothing short of real religion can or will teach you "when and where to be happy." Let your mind be set upon deriving happiness from the right and true source. Seek it in no broken cisterns; and remember that if you drink at the worldling's fountains of bliss your thirst will not be quenched, especially in a dying hour. You will then reproach yourself because you have thrown away, at places of amusement, those golden and precious hours which should have been employed in the service of God. It is said that the great Mr. Hervey, who wrote the "Meditations among the Tombs," when travelling once in a stage coach, met a lady who was

speaking in the most exalted strains about the theatre, and this excellent clergyman thought it his duty to say a word. He expressed a little astonishment, and proposed a few questions as to the nature of that pleasure of which she had been speaking. "Oh," said she, "I have all the pleasure of thinking about it before the performance, and then the pleasure of seeing the act, and also the pleasure of looking at it again." "But, madam," said he, "there is another pleasure you have not noticed." "What is that?" inquired the lady. "Why, the pleasure," rejoined Mr. Hervey, "that it will afford you in your dying moments." This silenced her.

Dear reader, once more I tell you that "wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."—Prov. iii., 17. While concluding this part of my book, I pray God that these words may ring in your ears, and be written upon your heart, until you experience their truth. Just think of the qualities of that pleasure that is in wisdom's ways, and, in doing so, you will have occasion to observe the excellency of wisdom's pleasures above all worldly pleasures.

The pleasures of wisdom's ways are rational pleasures, and well-grounded, and safe; they are not grounded upon mistakes and fancies; they are warranted by the promise and oath of God, "The two immutable things by which it is impossible for God to lie," Heb. vi., 17, 18. None but a lying devil, or an unbelieving heart full of blasphemy against God, will call in question the foundation of their faith and comfort; but the

wicked rejoice in their own delusion: it is ignorance and error that they are beholden to for their mirth; they but laugh in their sleep, and, like madmen, in their distraction. If they knew the shortness of their pleasures, and the length of their sorrows; if they knew how much God is offended at their carnal merriment, how much the devil rejoices in their joys, and how near they are to hell and eternal woe and howling, it would turn their laughter into lamentation: so that they rejoice upon a mere mistake; "Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness,"—Prov. xiv., 13. "How much she hath glorified herself and lived deliciously, so much torment and sorrow give her,"—Rev. xviii., 7. I have read of a certain weed which makes the creatures that eat it give up their lives laughing; such a weed do the wicked of the world eat, that they go laughing to hell.

The pleasures of wisdom's ways are purifying pleasures, as well as pure; they are meliorating, and make us better; they are so far from disordering the mind, and leading it to sin, that they compose and purify the mind, and make sin more odious than ever. No man hates sin so much as he that hath tasted most of the sweetness of divine grace, and hath most of the joy of God's salvation. They are not taken with the snares of the flesh till once they lose the relish of divine pleasures, and suffer their delights in Christ to fade. So long as we maintain our delight in God the world is but dung. He is the best and highest christian that hath most of spiritual delight and pleasure;

why, they rejoice and work righteousness, Isaiah lxiv., 5: but fleshly pleasures are putrifying instead of purifying; they make men worse and not better. They are snares to entrap men, and to bewitch and defile their souls that should be chaste for God. The noise of sensual pleasures drowns the voice of God and reason. Oh! how little of God is in the midst of men's hunting and hawking, diceing and carding, drinking, dancing, ranting, and revelling. How little of heaven is in their mind when the heart is quite sunk and drenched in sensual delights. It is there petrified and hardened against the word and warning of God. Then it is that they are foolish, disobedient, deceived, when they are serving divers lusts and pleasures.—Titus iii., 3. Such are unwilling soberly and seriously to consider the things that belong to their everlasting peace; and hence so frequently grow up to be slights and scornors of the means of their salvation.

The pleasures of wisdom's ways are honourable and heavenly; they are of the same nature with those that saints and angels have with God; whatever their gradual difference be, yet they are of the same kind. It is the same God and glory that now delights the believer, as seen by vision and intuition with open face. If heaven be the state of greatest joy and pleasure, the state of grace that is next to it must be a pleasant state. But sensual pleasures are sordid and earthy; so far unlike to the joys of heaven, that nothing more withdraws the heart and makes it unfit for heaven.

The pleasures of wisdom's ways are lasting, yea,

and everlasting. It is not a mutable good we rejoice in, but in an immutable good, in the immutable God; in the immutable love of God, in the immutable promise of the covenant, and in the hope of a kingdom that cannot be moved. These pleasures are pleasures for evermore—Psalm xvi., 11. Indeed, the believer's joy here, in this world, is often interrupted by the neighbourhood of the flesh and prevalence of sin, and the hidings of God's face; but yet still God keeps their comforts alive, at least, in the root, and will make them spring forth as we need them and are fit for them; and their joy no man taketh from them—John xvi., 22. Death cannot kill the joys of the believer, the grave cannot bury them, millions of ages shall not end them: God hath given us everlasting consolation, and good hope through grace—2nd Thes. ii., 16; but worldly pleasures are but of a short duration; they are gone before we will feel that we have had them, and the worldlings are therein sowing the seeds of everlasting sorrow; Satan is but scratching them as the butcher shaves the throat of the swine before he kills them. He that hath had many days and months and years in sinful pleasures, hath no relish of it when it is past; but is as if it had never been, and much worse. The bones and dust of many thousands lie in the church yard that have tasted many a sweet morsel, and that have had many a merry wanton day; and now what the better are they of it? What have they more than those that spent their time in sorrow? The poor and sorrowful are their equals. Their souls have as little of

these pleasures as their dust. In heaven these carnal delights are abhorred; and in hell they are turned to everlasting flames, and remembered as fuel for the devouring fire. Alas! how foolish is it to choose the pleasures of sin that is but for a season?—Heb. xi., 25. The joy of the wicked is quickly drowned in everlasting sorrow—Job xx., 4,—9. xxi., 12, 13, and the momentary sorrows of the godly are forgotten in everlasting joy—John xvi., 20. O, sirs, who can value the pleasures of the wicked that do forsee their end? If folly and stupidity were any wonder, it were a wonder that ungodly men can be merry, when their consciences tell them that they are not sure if they shall stay one hour longer out of hell; for, while they are saying, soul, take thy rest; eat, drink, and be merry; they may suddenly be told from God, thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee; and then to whom appertains thy wealth; and where is thy sport and mirth! As a paper wall cannot stand before consuming fire, no more can your fading pleasures stand before the frowns of God or the face of death; nay, scarce can they endure or stand before a serious forethought of the day of death and judgment that is approaching: they are beholden to their folly, security, and stupidity for their ease and pleasure; and their temporal pleasure mars and hinders their everlasting pleasure; but the pleasure of saints is eternal.

Are you Happy?

To meditate on heavenly things is the way to be happy: it is well to talk of God's loving kindness in the morning, and of his faithfulness at night. I have often, when retiring to rest, made choice of some particular passage of Scripture, and thought upon it until I have fallen asleep, and while wrapt in the arms of slumber some portion of the brain has been active, and I have still the promise or precept before me. One evening I chose this text "Did not our hearts burn within us, as He talked with us by the way?" and during the darkness and stillness of the night I had some of the most heavenly and sweetest moments I ever remember. I preached on the following sabbath from this text, with more freedom, animation, and joy than usual. On another occasion, before retiring to rest, I read and thought much about the new Jerusalem; and this passage in particular was impressed on my mind, "And there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever." After sleep had closed my eyes the heavenly world appeared before me, and for some time I was filled with rapturous joy; the heavens

appeared opened, and such glories were full to view that tongue and language would fail to describe. I saw in my dream a landscape of unbounded extent and of surpassing beauty: hills and valleys were covered with the most luxuriant vegetation; the abundance on every side filled me with delight; the "Trees of the field appeared to clap their hands, and the little hills rejoiced on every side;" there was not a spot of barrenness to be seen, but all bespoke beauty and plenty. Delicious fruits hung in ripe clusters; transcendent beauty and endless variety of flowers arrested my attention; their rich hue and sweet perfume were beyond all description. A river of water, clear as crystal, flowed in the midst; there was no dashing wave to be seen, but calm and undisturbed the waters flowed on; trees stood on each side of the river, and their foliage was more graceful and rich than I ever saw before; they appeared laden with the richest fruits, and not one dead leaf was visible; there was a splendid clear sky, without a single cloud, and a mellow light hovering over the whole scene; a city there was, situated on a hill; such a constructed city, and so splendid, I never saw before; the pavement was of gold, and the ornaments of its temple were precious stones; the city was filled with inhabitants, such a multitude that I dare not conjecture the number; all were clothed in white, and all had harps in their hands, even the little ones, and as they entered the temple they all struck their harps and sang in the sweetest and most exalted strains. One song was "Salvation and

glory, and honour to the Lamb that was slain,"
and then followed these beautiful lines :—

All hail the power of Jesus' name;
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Around one in the centre there was the brightest light I ever saw, and a halo of glory of dazzling splendour surrounded the whole. While wondering and enraptured with such scenes, the one to whom all sang praises and bowed with reverence, gave me a look of ineffable tenderness, sweetness, and love, that I wept for joy ; the emotion awoke me ; all was a dream, except the tears of joy,—with them my pillow was wet. I fain would have dreamt on, but it was not to be, I thought, I reflected for awhile, and then rose, with the whole still before my mind's eye. For some days I felt more in the spirit than usual, and had a sincere desire to leave the world, friends, and everything to go and dwell amid such brightness and beauty, and participate in the "fullness of joy at God's right hand, and the pleasures for evermore." Everything earthly appeared for a time insipid, so that I could say, "I long to depart, and to be with Christ;" it is far better, and these lines were for days on my mind—

When shall the day, dear Lord appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow among them there,
And view thy face and sing and love ?

I believe that all who desire happiness may obtain it, if they seek it in the right way. If young men and maidens read God's holy word more, they would have many joyous seasons which they never

experience now; with unspeakable joy and complacency they would embrace and acquiesce in the way of salvation; if parents taught their children the importance of reading the Bible daily, and read it themselves with their families, the happy effects would be visible to an unutterable degree; their sons and daughters would be the corner stones of the churches; the pillars in the temple of God; emphatically, they would be the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty.

Are you happy when contemplating the works of God in creation? if not, there is some serious cause; you must try and find out what it is. "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth his handy-work." "In them hath he set up a tabernacle for the sun." Behold him coming forth from the chambers of the East; see, the clouds, like floating curtains, are thrown back at his approach! With what refulgent majesty does he walk abroad! How transcendently bright is his countenance, shedding day and inexhaustible light through the universe! Is there a scene, though finished by the most elaborate and costly refinements of art, comparable to these illustrious solemnities of opening sunshine? Before these all the studied pageantry of the theatre, the glittering economy of an assembly, or even the heightened ornaments of a royal palace, hide their diminished heads and shrink into nothing. I have read of a person so struck with the splendours of this noble luminary that he imagined himself made on purpose to contemplate its glories. O! that Christians would adopt his persuasion, and

transfer it to the Sun of righteousness! Thus applied it would cease to be a chimerical notion, and become a most important truth. I am sure it is the supreme happiness of the eternal state, and therefore may well be the ruling concern of this present life, "to know the only true God and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent." I do not stand alone in this opinion; the very best judge of what is valuable in science or perfective of our nature—a judge who formed his taste on the maxims of Paradise, and received the finishings of his education in the third heavens—this judge determines to know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified. He possessed, in his own person, the finest, the most admired accomplishments, yet pronounces them no better than dung in comparison of the supereminent excellency of this saving knowledge. Methinks I discern a thousand admirable properties in the sun! It is certainly the best material emblem of the Creator: there is more of God in its lustre, energy, and usefulness, than in any other visible being. To worship it as a deity was the least inexcusable of all the heathen idolatries. One scarce can wonder that fallen reason should mistake so fair a copy for the adorable original. No comparison in the whole book of sacred wisdom pleases me more than that which resembles the blessed Jesus to yonder regent of the day, who now advances in his azure road to scatter light and dispense gladness through the nations. "Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings."—Mal. iv. 2. What were all the realms

of the world but a dungeon of darkness without the beams of the sun—all their fine scenes hid from our view, lost in obscurity. In vain we roll around our eyes in the midnight gloom; in vain we strive to behold the features of amiable nature. Turn whither we will, no form or comeliness appears; all seems a dreary waste, an undistinguished chaos—till the returning hours have unbarred the gates of light and let forth the morn—then what a prospect opens! The heavens are paved with azure and strewed with roses; a variety of the liveliest verdures array the plains; the flowers put on a glory of the richest colours; the whole creation stands forth, dressed in all the charms of beauty; the ravished eye looks round, and wonders. And what had been the condition of our intellectual nature without the great Redeemer and his divine revelations? Alas! what absurd and unworthy apprehensions did the pagan sages form of God! what idle dreams, what childish conjectures, were their doctrines of a future state! But Christ has risen to “enlighten the Gentiles and to be the glory of his people Israel.” If we all meditated more on the wonders of nature and grace, we should be happier than we now are: whenever we bless God for the circling seasons and revolving day, let us adore—thankfully adore him, for the more precious appearance of the Sun of righteousness and his glorious gospel—without which we should have been groping even to this hour in spiritual darkness and the shadow of death, without which we must have wandered

in a maze of inextricable uncertainties, and have stumbled upon the dark mountains of error, till we fell into the bottomless pit of perdition. Without that grand enlivening principle, what were this earth but a lifeless mass—a rude lump of inactive matter! The trees could never break forth into leaves, nor the plants spring up into flowers. We should no more behold the meadows mantled over with green, nor the valleys standing thick with corn; or, to speak in the beautiful language of the prophet, “no longer would the fig tree blossom, nor fruit be in the vine: the labour of the olive would fail, and the fields would yield no meat; the flocks must be cut off from the fold, and there would be no herd in the stalls.”—Hab. iii. 17. The sun darts its beams among all the vegetable tribes, and paints the spring, and encircles the autumn. This pierces to the roots of the vineyard and the orchard, and sets afloat those fermenting juices which at length burst into floods of wine, or bend the boughs with a mellow load; nor are its favours confined to the upper regions, but distributed into the deepest recesses of creation. It penetrates the beds of metal, and finds its way to the place of the sapphires; it tinctures the seeds of gold that are ripening into ore, and throws a brilliancy into the water of the diamond that is hardening on its rock. Just in the same manner were the rational world dead in trespasses and sins, without the reviving energy of Jesus Christ. He is the resurrection and the life: the overflowing fountains of the one, and the all-powerful cause of the

other. The second Adam is a quickening spirit, and all his saints live through him. He shines upon their affections, and they shoot forth into heavenly graces, and abound in the fruits of righteousness. As there is no fruitfulness, so, likewise, no cheerfulness without the sun. When that auspicious sovereign of the day diffuses the mildness of his morning splendour, he creates a universal festival. Millions of glittering insects awake into existence, and bask in his rays; the birds start from their slumbers and pour their delighted souls in harmony; the flocks, with bleating accents, hail the welcome blessing; the valleys ring with rural music; the hills echo back the artless strains; all that is vocal joins in the general choir; all that has breath exults in the cheering influence. Whereas, were that radiant orb extinguished, a tremendous gloom would ensue, and horror insupportable. Nay, let it only be eclipsed for a few minutes, and all nature assumes an air of sadness; the heavens are wrapt in sable, and put on a kind of mourning; the most sprightly animals hang down their dejected heads; the songsters of the grove are struck dumb; howling beasts roam about for prey; ominous birds come forth and screech; the heart of man fails, or a sudden pang seizes the foreboding mind. So, when Christ hides his face, when faith loses sight of that consolation of Israel, how gloomy are the prospects of the soul! Our God seems to be a consuming fire, and our sins cry loudly for vengeance; the thoughts bleed inwardly; the Christian walks heavily. All without is

irksome, all within is disconsolate: therefore the necessity of the prayer, "Lift up the light of thy countenance upon thy people."

"Are you happy?" is a question I asked a dying man to day. "Oh yes, I am very happy," was his reply; "I would not exchange places with the most noble or wealthy prince in the world. I am poor, but I have Christ; and if I have Jesus as my friend and saviour, I am rich indeed." And then he said

"If thou, O Saviour, still art nigh,
Cheerful I live and cheerful die;
Secure when mortal comforts flee,
To find immortal joys with Thee."

"Are you happy?" is a question I once asked a little girl about ten years of age. "Sometimes," was her reply. I always feel happy when I am reading my Bible and when I pray. I feel very sad sometimes, and I cannot help it: I am often hungry and almost starved, and when I am thus poor I become low-spirited. I scarcely know what to do until I read and pray, and that seems to drive all my fears away. I have been reading these passages of Scripture to day—"I will be a father unto the fatherless;" "Thy bread and thy water shall be sure;" "Do good and thou shalt dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed;" "I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee;" "When father and mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up." You cannot think how these verses cheered me. I never felt exactly before the same as I did when reading these; it appeared as though they were written on purpose for me, and I think they were; I have

turned these pages down and intend to read them every day." To these remarks I replied in the following manner—"I am very pleased to hear you say you love to read God's holy word, and that you feel happier when searching the Scriptures and when holding communion with God your Heavenly Father. Cherish these thoughts, and you will secure peace, joy, and lasting happiness. You have but little food to eat, you are cold and not warmly clad; come with me and I will supply your wants; whenever you want anything come and ask, and you shall have enough and to spare." At this moment she drew near to my side, and placing her hand in mine she fixed her brilliant expressive eyes upon me, and as she tremulously thanked me, I saw the glistening tear of gratitude about to start. The little heart o'erflowed with thankfulness, and one tear after another stole down her blooming cheek. At length I said, "There will be no sorrow in Heaven." "No," she replied, "God says he will 'wipe away all tears from our eyes, and sorrow and sighing shall for ever flee away.'" "Then dry up your tears, for I am sure if God does not wish to see tears in Heaven he does not delight in them here." "I do not think he does," she directly said; "I find in my Bible that he wishes us to be happy, but I cannot help feeling low-spirited at times. I have lost my father and mother, and all my brothers and sisters: I go and sit down by their graves in the churchyard, and I kneel beside my mother's grave and pray to Jesus that I may be like her, and that I may go and live with her in Heaven.

I have sometimes listened over her grave and thought I could hear her breathe, and then I have bent lower and wished I could hear her speak once more; I have stayed by her grave until I have become cold and almost perished; even then I have felt happy. I think I shall soon join her above; there will be no hunger in Heaven; there will be heavenly food, and I shall drink of the living water there. I am poor here, but my Bible tells me I shall be rich there; I have but ragged clothes to wear here, my Bible tells me I shall wear white robes and shining garments there; I am unhappy here sometimes, but there I shall be always happy; I shall not cry there, but sing the new song for ever—

By faith, I see the hour at hand,
When in his presence I shall stand:
Then it will be my endless bliss,
To see him where and as he is.

I like this verse, it is one that I learnt in the Sunday school, and one which my dear mother was very fond of singing, and these lines also—

Nothing but thy blood, O Jesus,
Can to us afford relief;
Nothing else from guilt release us,
Nothing else assuage our grief.
Nothing else can ease our burden,
Jesus' precious blood alone,
Can produce a sense of pardon
And dissolve a heart of stone."

"You are not the only one who is fond of these lines; I think they are very sweet; they are very beautiful and true; the blood of Jesus Christ is the only means whereby our sins can be washed away. Jesus is the fountain of living waters, and he is the way of salvation; he is the way of life

and the true source of all happiness in life, in death, and hereafter." To these remarks she replied, "I have loved Jesus as my best friend ever since my mother's death; she used to talk to me every day about the Saviour, and I shall never forget her advice—she was such a kind mother to me, I shall be glad to join her in heaven. I repeat these lines every night, and I like them all the more because they were the first I ever learnt—

I heard the voice of Jesus say, 'Come unto me and rest:
Lay down, thou weary one lay down, thy head upon my breast.'
I came to Jesus as I was—weary, and worn, and sad:
I found in him a resting-place, and he has made me glad.
I heard the voice of Jesus say, 'Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one, stoop down and drink, and live.'
I came to Jesus and I drank of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, and now I live in him.
I heard the voice of Jesus say, 'I am this dark world's light:
Look unto me thy morn shall rise, and all thy day be bright!'
I look'd to Jesus and I found, in him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk, 'till travelling days are done."

I then said, "I hope you will continue as you have begun; never yield to temptation; never despair if you are troubled on every side; if clouds of darkness are round about you do not fear, but take courage when you remember that God has said in his holy word, 'I will lead the blind by a way they know not, and in paths they have not known; I will make darkness light before them and crooked things straight.—Isa. xlii. 16.' When troubles and afflictions are increasing on every hand, even then you must delight in the Lord. When 'deep calleth unto deep' and 'his waves and billows are going over you,' yet you must not despair, 'the Lord will command his loving kindness in the day time, and in the night his songs shall be with us.—Psa. xlii. 7, 8.' Take

pleasure in Christ, for he is ever the same; when other things bid adieu he is still the same; he is full when emptiness is written upon all things else. There is an immense fullness in him; he is so free—so free-hearted as to dispense of his fullness; he is unchangeable, though you change and the world change, yet he is unchangeable in his love, unchangeable in his word, unchangeable in his covenant. ‘The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed; but my loving-kindness shall not depart from thee, nor the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, that hath mercy on thee.’”

To these remarks my interesting little companion once more replied, “I believe all you have said, and I have felt very happy while hearing so much about the way to be happy. I am sure that the only way is to love Jesus Christ—I know there is no other Saviour, and I am sure all those who live and die without knowing Jesus Christ as the Saviour of all who believe, can never be happy. I was not half so happy before I loved my Redeemer as I am now. I will try and love him more and more, because he has loved me so much even to die on the cross, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. I hope I shall be kept and preserved by him, and at last join my friends in heaven.” “I trust you will, and may God bless you, my dear child—farewell.”

Dear reader, you have before you a child's testimony that Christ is the sum and substance of real happiness. Do you bear the like testi-

mony? "Are you happy" in the prospect of eternity? Do you look forward to join the ransomed host above?—if not, prepare without delay, lest you be suddenly cut off in your sins and perish for ever and ever.

We want to read devoutly God's Holy Word, and the Holy Spirit's enlightening and sanctifying influence is necessary to our understanding rightly.

When the Holy Spirit is poured out upon an individual, there will be in the heart joy and peace, and righteousness in the Holy Ghost. The Holy Spirit not only leads to Christ, but he leaves in the heart in which he condescends to dwell all the holy impressions of his presence. The kingdom of God is, first, righteousness, then it is peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. The Holy Spirit is as much the comforter as he is the sanctifier; he is as much the author of joy as he is the author of holiness: and therefore one of the direct results of Christianity is, to give men inward peace—to make men happy. Yet the very opposite conclusion is that which thousands entertain. If, instead of asking men their opinions, you watch men's movements, you will see that they think religion and prayer, and the thought of God and the Bible, very good things for a funeral, very suitable at a sick-bed, most proper when we are in deep distress, but scarcely, if at all, suitable topics for joyous hours. Yet Christianity, in its deepest action, is as appropriate at bridals as it is at burials; it is as beautiful in life's sunny hours as it is precious in its sad and its shadowy ones; it is as appropriate when the father gazes on his

new-born babe as when a venerable parent is taken away, and those he has left behind him weep over the sad and irreparable catastrophe. As if to teach this, the very first miracle that Jesus wrought was at a marriage in Cana of Galilee. How suggestive is this fact! He who came to tread life's thorny path, paused for a minute to gather a beautiful flower as he entered it! He that was going through a long and an arduous travail, bearing the cross,—a man of sorrows,—yet paused for a moment to rejoice with them that did rejoice, before he went forth to weep with them that wept! How beautiful, that this blessed Gospel dawned in the form of a nuptial benediction! It began with—it ends in glory and joy also. And instead of being a religion wholly sepulchral, it is wholly joyous. If we are not happy under its power, it is not because it has lost its influence, but because we have mistaken, misapprehended, or missed its meaning. The very first effect of the good news is to make a man happy and joyous, not only when all is prosperous, for it is very easy to be happy in the sunshine, but when all is shaded and sad. At those times, that happen to all, when life's loveliest things fade, this religion takes their place. "Though the fig-tree shall not blossom; though there shall be no fruit on the vine; though the labour of the olive shall fail; though there shall be no herd in the stall; yet, in the event of this utter destitution, says the prophet, "I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." And so it is with the Christian; still, in circumstances of the deepest

distress, he has an inward and a compensatory joy, which makes him, like the apostles, take joyfully the spoiling of his goods.

As some tall cliff that rears its awful form
Above the rest, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

So it is with the Christian, though trouble, affliction, distress, make him weep,—for that is human; yet this blessed Gospel, this possession of the Holy Spirit within him, makes him rejoice,—for this is divine. A Christian is not a stoic—a man who does not feel! The bravest hearts are generally the most sensitive. It has often been found that a hero's valour on the field of battle has been combined with a woman's tenderness in sympathy with sorrow and suffering. Not stoicism, but human nature, in all its sensibilities, constitutes a man inspired and ennobled by the possession of the Holy Spirit of God.

Were the Holy Spirit poured out into all hearts, there would be a greater amount of light in every section and department of the Church of Christ. There is much darkness in the most enlightened mind, there are heavy clouds resting upon the Church; but if this Holy Spirit, who is the Teacher, shall take of the things of Christ—who is the light—and show them to us, it will reveal to us the darkness that lies upon the world like a pall, and show how little impression the light of divine truth has yet produced upon the masses of mankind. We should see multitudes of mankind perishing for lack of knowledge; we should hear the tramp of innumerable feet that beat hard the

broad way that leads to everlasting death; we should hear, borne upon every breeze across the Pacific and the broad Atlantic, the cry of innumerable millions; and the world itself, in which we now walk so complacently, would present a very different aspect, if we had only that blessed light to show us the gigantic difference between the light of the glorious Gospel, and the darkness that may be felt.

The dying testimony of an aged saint of eighty years of age is worthy of consideration. While conversing with him to-day he told me he suffered much from weakness and pain, but he knew all present trials were not worth mentioning when everlasting joy was before him; he said "I have been a follower of Christ ever since I was a child, and I have found religion to be a pleasant and a happy thing; I would not take all the world in exchange for my hope of glory, my good, my sure and certain hope of eternal glory through grace. There is fullness of joy before me, and I long to meet my Saviour above, but I must not be impatient, as my Father in Heaven knows best, and he will take me in his own good time. I feel that I shall not live long, but I will wait the appointed time; the Lord is very good to me, he has dealt with me very mercifully all my life throughout; I wish all the young would begin with Christ, and then they would enjoy his protection in life, and his presence in the hour of death. I think Christians should be cheerful in life, and especially in death, God's people should not grieve when a saint dies; I hope they will rejoice when I exchange earth

for heaven. I should like something cheerful sung over my grave, such as the anthem 'Awake, awake, put on thy strength O Zion. Shake thyself from the dust,' &c., or 'All hail the power of Jesus' name.' When you are singing on earth I shall be singing in glory; what sweet singing there will be above; there will be no discord, the children will praise; the fathers and mothers in Israel will praise; and all the redeemed will praise in the highest and sweetest strains, the Lamb who is in the midst of the throne." In this happy strain this aged saint continued until his soul was overflowing with joy at the bright and glorious prospect before him; in raptures of joy he gave expression to his feelings until he wept aloud. He then said, with great emphasis—

"The Lord is my shepherd, how happy am I;
I'm blest while I live, and am blest when I die;
In death's gloomy valley no evil I'll dread,
For 'J will be with thee,' my shepherd hath said.
The Lord is my shepherd, I'll sing with delight,
'Till call'd to adore him in regions of light;
Then praise him, with angels, on bright harps of gold,
And ever and ever his glory behold.

Reader, are you happy? have you begun life with Christ? are you seeking happiness in the divinely-appointed way? are you preparing to meet your Judge? are you ready to die? have you ever seriously considered your condition before God? on what are you depending for acceptance with God? are you presuming too much on the mercy of God? have you confessed your sins and sought forgiveness by pleading the merits of Christ Jesus? There is no other way of salvation, therefore seek reconciliation through the blood of

the cross. Ask yourself these questions : "Am I to draw my last gasp ; to become a breathless corpse ; and be what I deplore ?" "Is there a time approaching when this body shall be carried out upon the bier and consigned to its clay-cold bed ?"

I pass with melancholy state
By all these solemn heaps of fate ;
And think, as soft and sad I tread
Above the venerable dead,
Time was, like me, they life possess'd,
And time will be when I shall rest.

You and I, dear reader, must soon meet death ; this grim monster has taken away the nearest and dearest of all friends. What contempt does death pour upon the most lovely of nature's sons and daughters ! Could the lover have a sight of his once enchanting fair one, what a startling astonishment would seize him ! Is this the object I once, and not long ago, so passionately admired ! I said she was divinely fair, and thought her somewhat more than mortal. Her form was symmetry itself ; every elegance breathed in her air ; and all the graces waited on her motions. 'Twas music when she spoke ; but, when she spoke encouragement, 'twas little less than rapture. How my heart danced to those charming accents ! And can that which, some weeks ago was to admiration lovely, be now so insufferably loathsome ? Where are those blushing cheeks ? Where the coral lips, where that ivory neck, on which the curling jet in such glossy ringlets flowed, with a thousand other beauties of person, and ten thousand delicacies of action ? Amazing alteration ! delusory bliss ! fondly I gazed upon the glittering meteor. It shone

brightly, and I mistook it for a star, for a permanent and substantial good. But how is it fallen? Fallen from an orb not its own, and all that I can trace on earth is but a putrid mass! Methinks I hear a friendly voice whispering to the whole universe Cling not too much to earthly objects, for these will fade and die; the best and the most lovely are removed by the stroke of death. 'Man dieth, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?'" Solemn thought! Where shall you and I go after death? shall we dwell in the new Jerusalem, and participate in joy unspeakable, or shall we be cast out to mingle our cries and groans with the lost, in the bottomless pit, for ever? It is unwise and useless for you and me to banish the thoughts of death from our minds; the day of death will come, and most probably before long; our wisdom is to number our days, lest the enemy overtake us unawares; you and I may be young now, but in a few years age will creep fast upon us; we may now have blooming youth, and unbounded buoyancy of spirits; but these will be crushed by a cruel and wicked world; they will be ours for a short time only, therefore let us improve them to the best of our ability, and employ them in honouring God and making sure our happiness here and hereafter. It is the morning of life with us now; the afternoon and evening will soon overtake us; the shades of the evening will succeed the noon-day splendour; darkness will follow the light; how terrified will the spirit be then if unprepared for another world! The wicked will mourn when it is too late; they will

lift up their eyes in the torments of hell, and cry "How long—how long?" and the only reply will be, "For ever." Awful thought, to dwell for ever with the lost and miserable, in torments everlasting! and yet, dreadful as the thought is, it is true that such will be the case with all who live and die without Christ! Reader, are you living without God, and without hope? Are you undecided for Christ? Are you unforgiven, unpardoned, and still in a state of condemnation? Do you intend to remain in such a thoughtless state? Will you meet the impartial Judge at last, with joy or sorrow? Will you be happy? If so, you must repent, believe, and be saved. "Are you happy?" The children of God have much comfort in life; in death and in glory God's everlasting arms are underneath their fainting heads; his spirit whispers peace and consolation to their consciences; in the strength of these heavenly succours they quit the field, not captives, but conquerors, with hopes full of immortality, and now they are gone! The struggles of reluctant nature are over; the body sleeps in death; the soul launches into the invisible state. But who can imagine the delightful surprise when they find themselves surrounded by guardian angels instead of weeping friends? How securely do they wing their way and pass through unknown worlds, under the conduct of those celestial guides? The vale of tears is quite lost. Farewell for ever the realms of woe and rage of malignant beings! They arrive on the frontiers of inexpressible felicity. They "are come to the city of

the living God," while a voice sweeter than music in her softest strains—sweet as the harmony of hymning seraphim—congratulates their arrival, and bespeaks their admission. Lift up your heads O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; that the heirs of glory may enter in. The only infallible way of immortalizing our characters—a way equally open to the meanest and most exalted fortune, is, "To make our calling and election sure;" to gain some sweet evidence that our names are written in heaven. Then, however they may be disregarded or forgotten among men, they will not fail to be held in everlasting remembrance before the Lord. This is, of all distinctions, far the noblest ambition. Be this my object, and every page of Scripture will sanctify thy passion; even grace itself will fan the flame. As to earthly memorials, yet a little while and they are all obliterated; the tongue of those whose happiness we have zealously promoted must soon be silent in the coffin. Characters cut with a pen of iron, and committed to the solid rock will, ere long, cease to be legible; but as many as are enrolled in the Lamb's "Book of Life," he himself declares shall never be blotted out from those annals of eternity.—Rev. iii. 15. When a flight of years has mouldered the triumphal column into dust, when the brazen statue perishes under the corroding hand of time, those honours still continue, still die blooming and incorruptible in the world of glory.

Dear reader, shall you be amongst those who will meditate and sing in the Paradise of God?

Shall you participate in all the joys of the redeemed and blood-washed throng? Shall you drink of the water of the river of life? Shall you eternally grow in knowledge and love, and be perfectly assimilated to the divine image? This is perfect bliss; do not rest, therefore, until you are certain you have the divine impress, until you are certain you are growing in conformity to the divine being. This was the sum of the psalmist's yearnings, let it be the Alpha and Omega of your desires. "As for me, I shall behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness." Shall you triumph over death and the grave, and enter once and for ever the haven of eternal rest? Shall you meet the last enemy manfully, fearlessly, because of the strong confidence in your Saviour and Redeemer? Shall you, when deeply tried, when sorely tempted by the adversary of souls, ward off his darts with the shield of faith, and shout, "Victory, victory, through the blood of the lamb?" Shall you cross the cold Jordan, and enter amid the acclamations of the redeemed, the Paradise of God? Shall you sing with the innumerable company of the redeemed, "Worthy the Lamb!" "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, be glory, dominion, and power, for ever and ever?" Or shall you mingle your sorrows, your cries and groans, with the lost in hell? Can you bear the thought of exclusion from the God of light, for ever and ever? Can you rest if you are living at variance with the laws of nature and grace, and

have a consciousness that the vial of God's wrath and indignation is about to be poured out upon the ungodly? Can you possess your reasoning faculties, and madly pursue a downward, and hellward course, and expect that God will save you in your dying moments, that he will work a miracle to deliver you from perdition, after you have served sin and satan all your life? God could deliver you from the gulph of despair at the last moment, and he has delivered some, but there is much at stake if the interest of an immortal soul is left to a dying hour. A man once offered millions if he could live another hour, another moment, but this was impossible, his time was come, the bounds of his habitation had been fixed, God's purpose was unalterable, the warrant had been signed in the court of heaven, and nothing could retard the execution of the summons. Death was cold as the grave, impartial and relentless, the clock of time struck the last hour, and the unprepared, terrified, and horror-stricken man, had to launch into eternity, though sure of shipwreck; there he had to meet the righteous judge at his bar, where he must stand and be judged. He closed his eyes on all his earthly attractions, with nothing before him but the blackness of despair, a forfeited heaven, and an angry God. God is merciful, and he is just, and none of the attributes of deity shine at the expense of others, therefore do not madly presume upon the mercy of God, but cry for pardon now, deliverance now, and God will answer and forgive, for "now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."

Jesus calls you to repent, God's ministers call you to repent, and God's word calls you to repent. Think, decide now, without delay, "for the hour is coming in which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth, they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation." Which shall you be numbered with, the saved or the lost? Shall you have peace and joy in death, or misery and torment, which is only the earnest of the torment of the bottomless pit, the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, and from which the "smoke of torment will ascend up for ever and ever?" Make Christ your choice now in your youth. Seek Christ first, and his kingdom, and your life will be a God-honouring one, and your death a God-glorifying one, having overcome, you will "eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God."

You will join those whom you have loved in the flesh, and who are made perfect in holiness before God: you will never be separated from them, but be as one for ever before the throne; you will wear the same robes, and sing the same song for ever; you will recognize all the redeemed you knew on earth, and reiterate the marvels of sovereign grace throughout the countless ages of eternity. To worship, to love and adore, will be the height of your happiness. When you behold the transcendant brilliancy of heaven, you will be filled with ecstatic joy; when you see the mansion of the redeemed, resplendent with light emanating from


the Sun of Righteousness; when you behold the glorious perfections of deity shining forth with surpassing radiance; when you become more conversant with the peculiar characteristics of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; when you recount the joys of the pilgrimage and understand the plan of redemption, and the mysteries of God in providence and grace; when the perfections of God manifest in the flesh are clearly conceived and deeply fathomed, and the attributes of deity are perfectly understood; when you behold the temple of God filled with the thousands of his chosen people; when your ear shall be deafened by the tramp of the countless millions, and your eye blinded by the interminable multitude; when the angelic throng strike their harps in loudest notes in honour of him who has redeemed them, who has washed them in his own blood, and made them kings and priests unto God,—you will then rejoice with exceeding great joy that you were led to consecrate yourself to God and his service while living, and through infinite mercy “washed your robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.” You will strike your golden harp, and sing in the most noble, exalted, and sweetest strains, the praises of Jesus, who, “though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich;” who has said, “acknowledge me in all thy ways and I will direct thy paths.” Think upon “Happy Thoughts for Life’s Journey;” forget not the advice of a brother and friend therein contained, but seize every opportunity to be better prepared for glory everlasting, and then your

language will be "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord; my soul shall be joyful in my God, for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation; he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness." Let the glorious time which Isaiah predicts cause you to rejoice, for the glory of the Lord shall be manifest in the latter days; the Church and the saints will then shout aloud for joy, "Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders; but thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise. The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." Isaiah lx. 18, 19, 20.

"Are you happy" in the prospect of death? Have you heaven before you? Have you good and well-founded hopes of entering the Paradise of God? Can you say "we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." A lovely and once sprightly little girl, whose cheeks were blooming as the rose, said, when she was closing her expressive soft brown eyes on all things earthly, "I am going to heaven, I am going to live with my Saviour, and I shall soon meet in glory all my dear brothers and sisters. We used to sing the praises of Jesus when we were all living; we were very happy then, and as soon as I get home,

we will begin again : and I think when we begin in heaven, our voices will all be so much in tune, and the music will be so sweet, that we shall never want to leave off." Can you say you are on your way to heaven, that you will meet the redeemed and sing the everlasting song in the mansions above? You may be very young now, and feel inclined to defer preparation for another world on that account : do not presume upon long life—you may die to-morrow, therefore prepare to-day. It is folly, it is madness, if you neglect the salvation of your soul! I have seen some die as young as you; the weeping mother I have seen standing by the grave of her babe; I have seen the happy home, and heard the merry laugh and the wild glee of the sprightly boy—in the same home I have seen the father's countenance sad with grief, death having taken away his much-loved boy.

The charming girl of thirteen, the affectionate and tender-hearted sister, I have spent many a joyous hour with—but she is gone. A sister as graceful, delicate, and beautiful as the lily of the valley, I have loved and I have buried : her grave is all that is left, and over this I shed many a tear. She now lives again and will live for evermore; she speaks in the most gentle and loving accents to you and to me, "be ye also ready." Shall the brightest among the daughters of Eve die? Yes, they must, "all flesh is grass;" beauty and youth are not regarded by death—all are brought low by this cold and cruel monster. In an hour the most lovely and beautiful may be brought



to an early grave. A fever may scorch those polished veins; a consumption may emaciate those dimpling cheeks; and a load of unexpected sorrows depress those lively spirits: or should these disasters, in pity spare the tender frame, yet age, inexorable age and wrinkles, will assuredly come at last, will wither all the fine features, and blast every sprightly grace. Then, ye fair ones, when those sparkling eyes are darkened and sink in their orbs, when they are rolling in agonies or swimming in death, how will you sustain the affliction? How will you repair the loss? Repent and believe on the blessed Saviour, then shall your souls mount up to the realms of happiness, when the well-proportioned clay is mingling with its mean original. The light of God's countenance will irradiate, with matchless and consummate perfection, all their exalted faculties. Cleansed entirely from every dreg of corruption, like some unsullied mirror they will reflect the complete image of their Creator's holiness. O! that you would thus dress your minds, and prepare for the immortal state! Then, from shining among your fellow-creatures on earth, you shall be translated to shine around the throne of God. Then, from being the sweetness of our life, and the delight of our eyes here below, you shall pass by an easy transition into angels of light, and become "an everlasting excellence, the joy of all generations." Strive to live to the honour and glory of God, and then you will have an upward and rapid flight to your home beyond the skies; shine more and more as bright lights, and then if you are quickly

cut off, you will quickly join the myriads of redeemed ones before the throne.

With gilding fire an evening star
Streaks the autumnal skies;
Shook from the sphere, it darts away,
And in an instant dies.
Such are the charms that flush the cheek
And sparkle in the eye;
So from the lovely finish'd form,
The transient graces fly.
To this the seasons as they roll,
Their attestation bring:
They warn the fair, their ev'ry round
Confirms the truth I sing.

“Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.” “Commit thy works unto the Lord, and thy thoughts shall be established.” “In the way of righteousness is life; and in the pathway thereof there is no death.” The wise man said (as the servant of God), “In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.” Prove this declaration, put it to the test, and you will find God's word contains—“Precious Truths, and Happy Thoughts for Life's Journey.”



PHILLIPIANS, i. 23.



JESUS I long to dwell,
In joy ineffable,
Where saints and angels ever
bright,
Are clad in spotless white.

Jesus I fain would rise,
Beyond these lower skies,
Where every tear is wiped
away,
And night is turned to day.

Jesus I fain would fly,
Upward to thee on high,
Thy power and thy glory
see,
'Midst immortality.

Jesus I long to go,
Where saints for ever know,
The riches of thy heavenly
grace,
The brightness of thy face.

Jesus I fain would soar,
Where pains are felt no more,
My spirit longs to wing her
flight,
To Thee where all is bright.

Jesus I long to share,
And more thine image bear,
Where all redeemed at thy
right hand,
In countless myriads stand.

Jesus I long to see
That glorious liberty,
Which all thy chosen people
share,
Beyond this world of care.

Jesus I fain would meet,
The ransomed at thy feet,
And there to join the angelic
choir,
And strike my sweetest lyre.

Jesus I long to praise,
In sweeter, higher lays,
Thee as the object of my love,
In princely courts above.

Jesus I fain would stand,
With all that happy band,
Who'll sing and praise for
evermore,
On the eternal shore.

Jesus I long to find,
Rest for the weary mind,
In thee I trust, on thee depend,
Let blessings now descend.

Jesus I fain would tell,
Thou hast done all things
well,
With latest breath I'll praise
Thee still,
And say "Be done thy will."

Jesus I long to greet,
Friends round thy mercy seat,
And there to sing redeeming
love,
With all the hosts above.

Jesus, we'll then relate,
In that thrice happy state,
The wonders of thy matchless
love,
In raising us above.

Jesus to Thee I cry,
Receive me when I die;
Oh let a shining angel fly,
To bear my soul on high.

H. J.

September 20th, 1863.

PSALM lxxiii. 24.



S. M.

Oh guide me ev'ry day,
 Ne'er let me go astray,
 Shelter me ever near Thy side,
 With Thee let me abide.

To Thee I still will cling,
 And now my off'ring bring.
 Accept it Lord, and be my friend,
 Till time and being end.

Thy spirit now impart
 To sanctify my heart,
 And cleanse from sin's polluting stain
 The source of care and pain.

For ever I will sing
 The praises of my King,
 And louder, sweeter notes I'll raise
 In my declining days.

The wonders Thou hast wrought,
 The jewels Thou hast bought,
 The burden of my song shall be,
 Till I Thy glory see.

In sweeter, higher lays,
 I'll shout a Saviour's praise,
 For all the foretastes of his love,
 Emblems of joys above.

Amen, I now will say,
 With me let blessings stay.
 Thy presence now I will implore,
 And grace for evermore.

Once more I ask and crave,
 Blessings beyond the grave.
 Oh let me rise and dwell above,
 With Thee, the God of love!

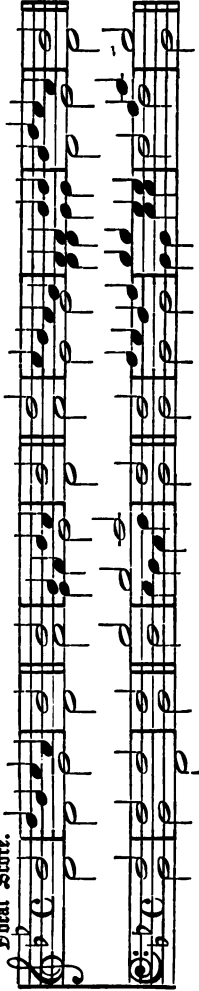
HENRY JENNINGS.

DULCIS LUSCINA.

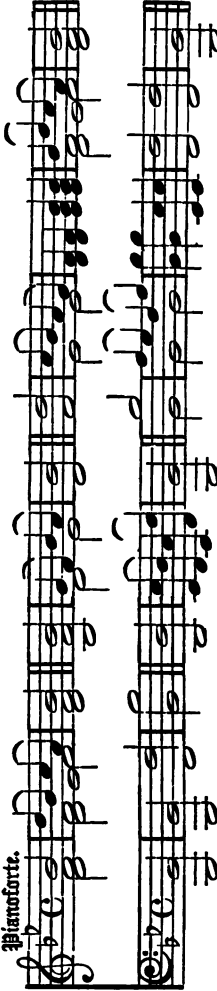
S. M.

HENRY JENNINGS,
August 12, 1868.

Vocal Solo.

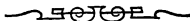


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